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THE FIRST LOVE-LETTER.—[FROM THE PAINTING BY MEYER VON BREMEN.]

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1873.

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NEWPORT AND ITS VICINITY,

carefully drawn from original sketches, together with another installment of LORD LYTTON'S *fascinating and popular Novel,* "THE PARISIANS."

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THE REVOLT AGAINST THE RAILWAYS.

DE TOCQUEVILLE tells us that the oppression of the people by the feudal nobility of France reached its climax just before the revolution of 1789. Never were the claims of the aristocracy so outrageous, or their contempt for the working class so undisguised, as at the very hour the encyclopedists were discovering the Rights of Man. History seems once more to be repeating itself. Just as the farmers of the West and the merchants of the East are organizing their forces for a revolt against the railways, the public are regaled with new schemes of railway exaction which cast all previous similar performances into the shade. Each day brings forth some new scrip dividend, some new watering of heavily watered stock, some new railway lease involving increased tolls and fresh taxes on commerce. It would seem as though the great railway monopolists, like the French nobility under LOUIS XV., were trying to find out how much the people would bear, just as iron-founders test the strength of steel wire by heaping weight upon weight until the fibre snaps.

Yet the drift of public opinion is so clear that he who runs may read. The Grand Master of the National Grange, Mr. DUDLEY W. ADAMS, of Waukon, Iowa, reports that five thousand granges are now in operation, with a membership of 450,000. These granges were founded for various purposes. Mr. T. R. ALLEN, Master of the State Grange of Missouri, pronounced the gathering of accurate agricultural statistics to be one of the chief aims of the four hundred granges in that State. In Iowa granges were established for purposes of co-operation, and for the exclusion of middle-men. In some localities they were formed with vague aims at political reforms, and drowning Democrats clung to them without any definite idea of their object. But the constitution of the National Grange, as lately adopted, expressly excludes politics and religion from their deliberations. In Illinois, where the granges are very numerous, their first and great purpose was the emancipation of the agricultural interest from railway tyranny, and this principle is gradually superseding all others in the grangers' profession of faith. "We want a great many things," said the leader of a grange to a reporter, "but first and foremost we want railways so regulated that we farmers can live." Thus far the land-owners have fared ill in their contest with the railways. Experience has proved that the new pro rata law in Illinois does not accomplish the ends proposed. It prevents companies from charging more for a short distance than for a long one. But it has led to combinations among the railways which deprive the farmers of the benefits of competition, and leave them worse off than they were before. Equally fruitless is the statutory prohibition of railway consolidation; for the act does not prevent the leasing of two rival lines to a third corporation, and whenever two roads wish to consolidate they can thus evade the law.

The grangers, taught by experience, now propose to go to the root of the matter. They lay down their grievance squarely, and say that the Western farmer is kept poor by the excessive charges he has to pay the railways for carrying his products to market, such charges being excessive by reason, first, of the watering of railway stocks, which compel railway managers to exact exorbitant rates in order to earn dividends on fictitious capital; second, of the corrupt management of railways, which deprives stockholders of the natural profits of their property, and thus drives them into unjust charges to make up the deficit; third, of the absence of competition on many important lines of travel.

For this evil the grangers propose a straightforward remedy. They want in Illinois—and the other States will of course follow suit—an act of the Legislature appointing commissioners to determine, first, the actual cost of every railway in the State, without scrip dividends or water in any shape; and second, the actual cost of running each road, without allowance for stealings, whether under the name of drawing-room car rings, or coal contracts, or express rings, or fast freight rings. These points ascertained, the commissioners to determine what rates and tolls will yield a fair profit upon the actual cost of the road, if economically and honestly administered, and these rates and tolls to be the legal rates and tolls, and none others, under suitable penalties.

Now nobody need take the trouble to inform the grangers that they have undertaken what they themselves term "a mighty big job." They know it better than any one else. To pass such a law as they want through the Legislature; to ascertain the real cost of a railway built by contract, and paid for partly in money and partly in bonds and stock, the latter possessing at the time only a nominal value; to detect the various schemes of plunder by which railways have been and are robbed by rings in the board of direction and in the superintendent's office; to get over the question of constitutionality—all these are problems before which men less determined than the grangers might well stand appalled. But for them it is a matter of life and death, of earning a living or starving. "Profitable farming," says a granger, "is impossible in the present state of things. All the labor falls on the farmer; all the profit goes to the railways." Any amount of trouble would be well bestowed if a change could be secured. As to the question of constitutionality, Mr. SMITH, the Master of the State Grange of Illinois, said, a few days since:

> "If the Legislature can not constitutionally fix railroad fares and freights, then we must change the constitution. If it is decided that the railroad companies are superior to the people and the State, that they are sovereign powers, and that they have the right of raising or reducing their rates at will, to fix the price we shall get for our produce, why, then we must resort to the last remedy. Some enthusiastic men indulge in denunciation of the railroads as such, and make unwise threats, but the great body of the farmers are not unreasonable in their demands."

It would really seem to be rash to despise a party which sets out on its task in this spirit. Powerful as the railway companies are in money and in brains, they have a hard fight before them if the men of the granges stick to their colors. It will prove difficult for a corporation, or combination of corporate bodies, to stand against the land-owners of the West if the latter are determined and organized. Sooner or later one of the great political parties will welcome the granges to its camp, and the reinforcement may turn the scale at the elections. When this occurs, the owners of railway property may perhaps have reason to congratulate themselves if they escape absolute robbery.

Meanwhile public sentiment is not inactive at the East. A mass-meeting is to be held in this city early next month to "cooperate with the movements of producers at the West as connected with the question of railway transportation;" and an organization consisting of Eastern merchants has been formed with a view of resisting the taxes now levied on our internal commerce in the shape of railway freights. The committee which issued the call for the mass-meeting specifies its grievances as follows:

> "Prominent among the defects and abuses in our present railway system we may mention—
>
> "*First.* The watering of stock, until the nominal or fictitious capital upon which the commerce of the country is taxed to pay dividends is estimated to exceed in amount our entire national debt.
>
> "*Second.* The squandering of millions upon millions of dollars wrung from the people to corrupt their legislators.
>
> "*Third.* The granting by railway companies of special privileges to numerous 'fast freight lines,' which maintain expensive business organizations, the cost of which ultimately falls upon the producer or consumer, thus making the margin of transportation a constant barrier to the expansion of our trade."

It likewise draws attention to the delay experienced in moving freight, and calls for the construction, by government or otherwise, of a freight railway to run between New York and the West, and it concludes its call with the following significant words:

> "We believe that the consolidations and combinations which railway corporations have made in order to perpetuate these abuses must be met with combinations on the part of the people; that unless merchants, manufacturers, and consumers at the East organize and co-operate with the producers of the West, our commerce will be permanently injured."

It would indeed seem that the great railway monopolists have not well chosen the time for their new grand schemes of bubble-blowing.

DEMOCRATIC LAPSES.

A PARTY that has shown a plain hostility to all the honest impulses of the people can never again win their confidence. Yet this is what the Democratic party has done and persists in doing. Its long alliance with slavery has so corrupted its political instinct that its leaders have become wholly incapable of sympathizing with any of the traits of popular progress. If there is any one principle which the people have most distinctly affirmed in repeated elections, it is that there shall be no divisions of caste among us of race, creed, or color. But the Democratic press at the North as well as the South insists that there shall be a war of races. The Richmond *Enquirer* urges its white population to make the single aim of their future elections a new subjugation of the colored people. It proscribes at once their education, advancement, and their civil rights, and it includes in its denunciations all the more intelligent portion of the whites, who are laboring to prepare the colored race for an honest performance of their duty as citizens. It will not be satisfied with even a white man's government unless the white men are to be again raised into a ruling caste. The Alabama Democracy repeat the foolish suggestions of Virginia, and in the midst of the rapid decay of all their material interests inculcate a policy that must tend to drive labor and capital from the State. In Georgia the Virginia theory has long been practically enforced. By the aid of the Ku-Klux and various measures of intimidation, Georgia has attained that goal toward which the Virginia politicians are urging their party. Its result is told in a recent speech of the Governor of Georgia. "Within a few years," he relates, the State has lost twenty thousand of its laboring population, and has gained only "one thousand by immigration," and he naturally becomes alarmed at a condition of things which indicates a swift decay in the prosperity of the community, and which shows that the virtue of a white man's government is capable only of frightening away immigration and of expelling the most useful part of the population.

The project of forming a white man's State out of portions of Mississippi, Tennessee, and Kentucky is another proof of the aggressive policy of the Democracy; and it is already plain that under Democratic rule the Southern States must sink steadily in the ranks of progress, and lose the chief part of their influence in national politics. They will be surrounded by a *cordon* of Republican States, populous and prosperous. They will remain diseased and decaying in the midst of the rapid advance of all the rest of the nation. To gratify their insane and childish hatred for the colored race, they must be content to continue impoverished and feeble, and perish by a slow decline. Nor is there any thing in the conduct of the colored population at the South that could properly excite the hostility of the Democracy. They have always been the friends of union. Their humanity and toleration for their former oppressors have been conspicuous. They have done no deeds of cruelty, nor retorted the persecutions of the unsparing Democracy. They have labored industriously to restore the productiveness of the South, and have already renewed in some degree the sources of its prosperity. And we believe they now ask only education and enlightenment for their children, and those civil rights which have been assured to them by the nation. They do not seek to rule, except where the safety of their lives and property requires it.

Not satisfied with depopulating the Southern States, the Democratic leaders are anxious to drive them into repudiation. The recent vote of North Carolina was given for the Democracy and for dishonesty. It was a clear indication to all who have trusted the fallen State that they need look for no repayment if the Democracy gains the control; and we believe a similar policy of repudiation is openly advocated by the white men's party in every part of the South. But, again, the people of the Union have constantly, at every election, decided in favor of public honesty, and set the mark of infamy upon every repudiator. Does the Democratic party propose to come before this honest nation with its policy of public theft?

We might commend to the Democratic reformers of Ohio the consideration of the difficult problems that must arise in any attempt to renew their party. Can they hope for honesty, mercy, or reform from the repudiators of North Carolina, the Ku-Klux of Kentucky, the white advocates of tyranny in Virginia, or the enemies of education in Cincinnati and New York? They need only to look across the river into the border counties of Kentucky to learn how Democratic cruelty has driven away labor, education, immigration, and prosperity, and is urging the State on that downward road where all the South seems tending. The Louisville *Courier-Journal* and the Owen *News* will teach them what their party has done and is doing. But we believe that even the Southern States are preparing to throw off the yoke of their Democratic masters, and will find in the Republican principles of equality and generous liberality the true sources of their recovery from decay, and that the people are arising once more in every State to condemn by immense majorities those politicians who inculcate dishonesty, and hope to rule by cruelty and oppression.

A DEFENSE OF TWEED AND SWEENY'S EDUCATORS.

A MEMBER of the late Board of Public Instruction, who was appointed under the administration of Mayor HALL among the last acts of his eventful rule, has undertaken, in *Scribner's Monthly*, to defend the conduct and the characters of his former associates and the policy of their more reputable successors. Of his somewhat indiscreet allusions to our own course in this matter we shall say nothing, although they might possibly lead a candid observer to the conviction that some emotions of gratitude for past favors or some hope of future profit may have clouded his views of propriety or animated his zeal.

But the object of the article is sufficiently startling. To prove that TWEED'S board of educators was both honest and reputable is not easy. It is quite natural that a member of the board should seek to defend his associates, had they been free from all taint of corruption, but it is known to every one that it was composed of men who were appointed by TWEED, SWEENY, and HALL nearly three years ago; that some of them were the companions and chosen friends of our fallen rulers; that all of them lent their countenance and aid to the guilty faction; that they accepted its bounty and lived upon its favors; and we believe the public will scarcely agree with *Scribner's Monthly* that such men are the proper guardians of public instruction, or fitting examples for the new generation. Had they possessed even a common sense of delicacy, they would have yielded up their offices and emoluments two years ago, when their masters fell before the rage of the people.

Still more inexcusable is the plea offered for retaining the present clerk. It must have been well known to the writer of the article that KIERNAN, too, was the instrument of TWEED and SWEENY; that when a member of the Legislature he had aided in removing the elective board of education, and had thrown the control of the public schools into the hands of his friends; that he was appointed clerk to the board through their influence; that he aided in securing the appropriation of large sums of money to the Roman Catholic schools, and thus aimed an almost fatal blow at the whole system of public instruction; that during his administration the number of scholars decreased, the schools were neglected; that of all the enemies of the public schools he has probably done them the most harm. Yet of this official we are told that "he has better qualifications for his place than any other man the board can find;" that if he retains his office "the city is to be congratulated;" that it will be "a misfortune and a shame if the board shall feel compelled to throw him over at last as "a sop to Cerberus." To us it seems that if TWEED and SWEENY were fitted to be intrusted with the care of the public schools, then KIERNAN was; and we think that even our zealous advocate will not deny that when they were in power they showed some trace of Catholic influence in providing the means for building nearly twenty parochial schools, and in founding from the public money a rival system of education, whose success must end in the total destruction of the common schools of New York. We do not see how there could be a clearer proof of Catholic influence than in satisfying the demands of the priests at the cost of the community, and in commencing a system of sectarian education for the advancement of the interests of the Papal Church. To gratify the priests the elective board was removed, its clerk driven from office because he refused to aid them in securing the funds for their parochial schools, and Mr. KIERNAN, after a short interval, was put in his place.

With regard to the loud professions of honesty, devotion to public instruction, "clean hands," and unbounded self-denial which the writer makes on behalf of his former associates, we fear he is entitled to no more confidence than when he celebrates KIERNAN or defends the policy of TWEED. That they received nothing for their labors is untrue. Most of them, if not all, were bound by lucrative offices to give their services to the dominant faction. One was a dock commissioner, at a salary of $10,000; another was a collector of assessments; one a tax

commissioner; one the depositary of the city money; and of the two or three respectable names mentioned in the article, all were late appointments, and had no share in the earlier policy of the board. We are told that the chief aim of this board was to reform abuses. A threat is even held out that should the assault upon the clerk be continued, some fatal disclosures will be made of the corruption of its elective predecessor. But this is exactly what we are laboring for, and what we most censure the present Commissioners for not doing. We think the inquiry into all the abuses of the educational department should at once be begun, and that the writer of the article should be requested to tell all that he knows. That he has not done so long ago is, at least, not praiseworthy. The public will not be contented with his idle declamation, nor are we alarmed at his indiscreet threat.

It is, indeed, with a feeling of regret that we have noticed the want of a nice perception of propriety running through the article. The writer is neither generous to his opponents nor clear in his moral sense. In those who are laboring to elevate and refine the sources of public instruction he can see only "a little cabal" eager for office. He does not seem conscious that it is wrong to take places and emolument from corrupt rulers. He thinks, apparently, that evil communications have lost their power, and that men may retain their reputations unsullied while they consent to become the instruments of the infamous and the vicious. We have no desire to pursue the subject farther, but we hope that the new board will shrink from accepting the advice which is given them in the close of the article; that they will at once dismiss from their employ every official who was connected with the recent rule of fraud and immorality; that they will enter vigorously upon the work of reform, and examine thoroughly the conduct of their predecessors. For ourselves, we desire to see the public schools wholly non-sectarian in their management, and controlled by men who have no political aims to gratify and no hidden purpose to fulfill, who are sufficiently cultivated to discover the wants of the community, and sufficiently fearless to defend an educational system which is the firm foundation of republican progress.

THE CASE OF THE UNION PACIFIC.

MR. AARON F. PERRY, one of the government counsel in the case of the Union Pacific, replies to our article of 9th inst. in a letter which we publish in another column. We must say that it is very cool indeed for the dog-days. Mr. AARON F. PERRY signs and publishes in the papers a bill in equity, in which he alleges that the Union Pacific Company is bankrupt, that its managers are knaves, that its operations are fraudulent, that its expenses exceed its revenues, and that it is going to the dogs generally, and yet he gravely assures us that he "has no wish" and "has directed no effort" to "injure the credit of the company." He applies for and obtains a barren injunction against the payment of interest on the company's bonds—so that for two days it is in default, and the fact is telegraphed to every financial centre in the world—and he calmly says that the injunction was "procured in the interest of the credit of the company." One is tempted to inquire whether Mr. AARON F. PERRY is not a droll Western wag who is having his joke, and is bound to keep it up to the end with a serious face. Does he advise his Cincinnati clients to let their notes go to protest by way of maintaining their credit? Of the three classes of bonds issued by the Union Pacific Company he picks out two—on what principle Heaven only knows—pronounces them fraudulent, and persuades Judge HUNT to grant an injunction which, if not modified, will drive them to protest at maturity. This he calls "a great and successful step in preserving the property for its equitable owners." It is as if a man should refuse to pay his butcher's bill, and defy him to collect it, in order to be sure of paying his baker's. The land grant and income bonds were sold cheap, no doubt. But does Mr. PERRY recommend his clients to repudiate the notes they sell at a heavy discount when money is dear at Cincinnati? If he does, we are not surprised he falls back on the government for practice.

We desire to be courteous to Mr. AARON F. PERRY. But he must not suppose people are fools. The suit in which he is counsel for the United States was directed to be brought by Congress in a spasm of indignant virtue produced by the Crédit Mobilier exposures. If it had been brought simply against the Crédit Mobilier ring to compel them to disgorge any dishonest gains they may have made out of the Union Pacific, no one could have complained. But Mr. AARON F. PERRY and his colleagues have sued not only the Crédit Mobilier ring, but likewise their alleged victim, the company, and one hundred and seventy-five individuals all over the country—people who had no more to do with the Crédit Mobilier than Mr. PERRY himself; bankers and brokers who happened to buy a few shares of stock for a customer; widows, orphans, and dead men; any body, in fact, whose name was ever mentioned in connection with the Union Pacific, and whom they could scoop into their dragnet. All these people—against many of whom Mr. PERRY prays for no specific relief—have to answer the bill, and pay their own costs, for the government pays none. When he says that "all the allegations in the bill are supported by the testimony of the officers and managers of the company," he states, we are sorry to say, that which the trial of the case will not substantiate. When he conceals the fact that the government was amply represented in the board of direction, and was thus a party to, and apparently estopped from complaining of, the acts which he calls fraudulent, he may not, perhaps, be guilty of unprofessional conduct, but out of the courts he had better hold his peace. Finally, when he tells us that his injunction was "openly and fairly obtained, and not sprung upon the company"—the fact being that it was served late in the afternoon of the day before the interest on the mortgage bonds was payable, so that the company had no time to protect its credit—he places himself in a position which justifies people in declining to accept his other statements without proof.

That wicked community, the brokers of Wall Street, will have it that Mr. AARON F. PERRY'S suit is nothing but a great stock-jobbing operation, and that fortunes are to be made by the depreciation of the Union Pacific bonds and stock, which is to be produced by the injunctions and other legal processes. If this is so, it was an after-thought. In the origin the suit was a Tub to the Whale, and Mr. PERRY was to paddle the Tub.

SPEAKER BLAINE.

AN article in a recent issue of the *Weekly* might possibly give the impression that Mr. OAKES AMES in some part of his testimony had included Mr. BLAINE with those who had purchased or in some way dealt in Crédit Mobilier stock. Such was certainly not the fact, for Mr. AMES repeatedly swore just the contrary, and on his final cross-examination his testimony was most emphatic and conclusive with regard to Mr. BLAINE. The report of the committee also declared that "*Mr. Blaine never had any interest, direct or indirect, in Crédit Mobilier stock or stock of the Union Pacific Railroad Company.*" The country well understands that Mr. BLAINE was completely and honorably vindicated from every possible imputation in the Crédit Mobilier matter, and we insert this paragraph lest a previous article might be tortured into a different construction.

PERSONAL.

ON the 15th of August a very interesting interview took place at Gastein between the Emperor WILLIAM, of Germany, and Dr. PHILIP SCHAFF, of this city. Dr. SCHAFF was the bearer of cordial greetings to his Majesty from the New York General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In his remarks in reply the Emperor dwelt upon the necessity of Christians working together in order to combat infidelity and superstition.

—A very extraordinary conversation was recently given in the correspondence of the New York *World*, in which BISMARCK was made to use expressions that were blasphemous, and shocking to the religious sense of all Christian denominations. It seems that no such conversation was ever held. The German papers deny the story by authority, and characterize it as a "Jesuit falsehood." It might certainly prove useful to the ultramontanes to destroy the popularity of BISMARCK.

—The Grand Duke ALEXIS, who is said to have been sent abroad to see if some of the princesses of the world would not captivate him, is not to be captivated, but remains true to his love for Mademoiselle IONVOSKI, the daughter of the Czar's former tutor, and his imperial papa has consented to a morganatic marriage with her—such as the Duke of Sussex made with the Duchess of Inverness. Some of these days the absurd laws which prevent the scions of royal houses from marrying unless with royal consent will be swept away as with a besom.

—Speaking of WALKERS, Colonel SAMUEL WALKER, of Kansas, has resigned the State Senatorship. Hon. AMASA WALKER, of Massachusetts, recommends the purchase of all railways by the government. Governor WALKER, of Virginia, will take to a newspaper after January 1. General F. A. WALKER, the new Yale professor, has been elected vice-president of the Amherst alumni. POPE WALKER, of Alabama, who was Secretary of War in the provisional government in 1861, predicted that the Confederate flag would wave over Washington City within that year; but it didn't. WESTON *the* Walker is not promenading much just at this time; and all of the foregoing, save the last, have been known more by their conversation than their walk.

—The Right Rev. EDWARD HAROLD BROWNE, Bishop of Ely, who succeeds the late Bishop WILBERFORCE as Bishop of Winchester, is sixty-two years old, and a graduate of Cambridge, of which he subsequently became a fellow, tutor, and professor. After holding several valuable preferments, he was, in 1864, consecrated Bishop of Ely, whose revenues are $27,500, and on that sum he is compelled to subsist. He has some reputation as a writer on theological subjects, but is not a particularly great man.

—Persons familiar with Wall Street will remember a sign, near William Street, inscribed "TREVOR & COLGATE," a firm dealing largely in bullion and such securities as enable Wall and Broad Street men to make—and lose—fortunes. But T. & C. have put some of their superfluous wealth to excellent use. The academical branch of Madison University is to be put on an independent basis, under the name of Colgate Academy. JOHN B. TREVOR, who has already done so much for the university, has recently given $13,000, and JAMES B. COLGATE $17,000—making $30,000 toward this endowment. Mr. COLGATE has also paid $10,000 for grounds, and has pledged $50,000 more toward the erection of a suitable building now in progress. Thus these two gentlemen alone give $90,000 to the enterprise.

—Apropos of DICKENS'S works, now in course of republication by the HARPERS, it is understood that in this country *David Copperfield* has had the largest sale; next to that, *Christmas Stories*; third, *Pickwick Papers*; then *N. Nickleby*, *O. Twist*, and *Dombey & Son*—the *Tale of Two Cities* coming in last.

—Mr. JOHNSON, of the Congress Spring Company, at Saratoga, contributes to the great facts of the time one that should find its way into the general statistics of the country. He states that one hot day during the present season he kept a tally of the number of glasses of water dipped from their spring. There were five dippers at work, and he kept the record for three hours, each dipper dipping three tumblers at one time. The total number of glasses of water drank during these three hours was 10,851. If this is not *dipsomania*, what is?

—The experiences of the late LOUIS CALDY, of Port Royal, Jamaica, were somewhat lively, not to say violent, as we learn from his grave-stone. "He was a native of Montpellier, France, which country he left on account of the Revocation. He was swallowed up by an earthquake which occurred at Port Royal in 1692, but by the great providence of God was by a second shock flung into the sea, where he continued swimming till rescued by a boat, and lived forty years afterward." All of which we steadfastly believe.

—General CAMERON, when Secretary of War, made a vow to plant corn in the streets of Charleston, where the rebellion started. At least a Philadelphia journal is authority for the statement, and the fulfillment of the promise the Lancaster *Examiner* gives in Mr. CAMERON'S own words: "I did not forget that resolution, and when our troops gained possession of that seditious city I went there, planted the corn with my own hands in one of the streets, engaged a man to attend to it and cultivate it, and to-day I preserve the fruit of that crop in my cabinet at home. I never had any doubts as to the result of the struggle, nor had I any scruples about using every proper means to accomplish that result in the shortest possible time."

—Senator MORTON presents a very different appearance now from what he did last year, when he was compelled to address the Senate in a sitting posture, and could only walk with the aid of canes or crutches. He was at Washington a few days since, and surprised every one by the freshness and healthfulness of his appearance. The paralysis of his lower limbs has yielded to the powers of the hot springs of Arkansas, and the rejuvenation of his physical system seems to have affected his spirits in a corresponding degree.

—Señor CASTELAR, in his *Old Rome and New Italy*, just published by the HARPERS, inveighs against the unrestrained luxury of Rome. He tells of the strangely dressed courtiers and pages clad in gold; of cardinals attired in purple and ermine; of bishops with Oriental mitres; of Swiss who resemble harlequins; of noble body-guards who throw black velvet mantles on their shoulders and wear silver swords by their sides; of servants clad in all hues of the rainbow; of lackeys whose finery challenges the painted parrots of the tropics; and of soldiers with uniforms like that of General Boum in the *Grande Duchesse de Geroldstein*.

—Rev. JOSEPH P. THOMPSON, formerly pastor of the Tabernacle Church, in this city, but now residing in Berlin, has published a pamphlet on *Church and State in the United States of North America*. In the preface he states that the pamphlet was originally written "for the use of an official of the imperial government whose name is not less honored in America than it is in Germany." Prince BISMARCK is probably meant by this.

—TAMBERLIK, who comes to New York in October, is in his fifty-third year, and in the prime of his vocal and dramatic power. He was originally intended for the church, and did go a little into theology, but it failed to agree with him, so he took to singing, and made his début at the Theatre del Fondo, in Naples, in 1841, in the *Capuletti e Montecchi*. It was not until 1843, when singing at the Grand Opera at Lisbon, that he shot up magnificently into the firmament of lyric stars. A sudden change in his voice transformed him from a tenor serio to a tenor sfogato, and he was hailed as a phenomenon. Successively visiting Barcelona, Madrid, and London, he was in each city welcomed as the successor of RUBINI, and at Covent Garden his impersonation of the character of William Tell won for him an enthusiastic acclaim that was new to the opera-house. He subsequently sang in St. Petersburg for eighteen consecutive seasons, producing there for the first time MEYERBEER'S operas of *Le Prophète* and *Le Pardon de Ploermel*, receiving two decorations from the Emperor NICHOLAS, and the appointment of "Chief Singer of the Chamber Court." MEYERBEER'S energetic efforts to induce TAMBERLIK to come to Paris are familiar to the readers of musical history. These efforts were all in vain. The tenor declared that he would not risk his reputation in the attempt to sing French. It was not until 1858 that he accepted an engagement at the Italiens in the French capital, and it was this same year, as some of our readers will recollect, that Mr. MAX MARETZEK announced him for his season of Italian opera in this city. Owing, perhaps, to the more brilliant prospects in Paris, he did not come here. That season was a memorable one for him. He was declared by the French writers to be the rare combination of perfect actor and perfect singer which they had despaired of finding. They went into ecstasies over his "ut dieze" in Othello, Poliuto, and Don Giovanni. The verdict of Paris, London, and Madrid was a notable one. No such Othello had ever been seen. No such Othello certainly had ever been heard. As late as 1869 TAMBERLIK made his rentrée at the Italiens, and was again received with an ardor bordering on frenzy. The repertoire of the gentleman is remarkable, and consists of seventy operas, an almost unparalleled number for one artist to be entirely familiar with.

—Few men who have made Washington the scene of political and professional life and strife have lived so long and so pleasantly as FRANCIS P. BLAIR. He is now over eighty-three years of age, yet daily may be seen mounted on his favorite horse for two hours of equestrian exercise. Thirty-three years ago he purchased Silver Spring, just outside of Washington, the estate now containing about one thousand acres. On it are two elegant seats, one belonging to the Hon. MONTGOMERY BLAIR, the other, usually called Silver Spring, belonging to Mr. FRANCIS P. BLAIR, senior. The former is half hidden in a noble grove of oaks, with a garden on one side and an orchard in front. Old Mr. BLAIR'S house is surrounded by trees, tastefully and rather thickly planted, most of which were put in the ground by himself. It would be hard to find a more cozy or tasteful retreat for the veteran of the press. He came here on calculation and a deliberate study of the advantages to morals, health, longevity, and happiness belonging to country life, all of which you will find set forth in strong, nervous English in the old *Globes*. And the life of the old gentleman has abundantly verified his theories, printed more than thirty years ago. He has always loved the outside of a house better than the inside. Something of the old spirit of DANIEL BOONE must have been sucked in pretty early in his Kentucky home. But from study, overwork, or constitutional predisposition, when a young man he contracted a cough which threatened consumption. His lungs were bleeding, and he had to be blistered. Luckily he had a sensible doctor, who put him on horseback and started him off on a long journey. He had, when he began riding, to be lifted on the horse, but he came back a new man. Since then his horse has been his constant companion. Every morning at breakfast-time you see near the house at Silver Spring two horses saddled. One is for Mr. BLAIR, the other for his spouse, and soon the aged couple start off, at no flyaway gait, but to spend two hours in the saddle. Some years ago the old gentleman went up to the mountains of Pennsylvania on a hunting trip. He killed two or three deer, and came home buoyant and triumphant.

—A correspondent, writing from this city to the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, one of the brightest journals in the West, thus speaks of a literary gentleman who, in the language of another, "knows more about more things" than almost any man in the country: "Dropping in at the HARPERS' this afternoon, I had the good fortune to meet Dr. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, who has long been the literary editor of FORNEY'S *Press*. He is a genial, sunny-hearted old gentleman of sixty-four, full of anecdote and information. He came to this country upward of twenty years ago, acting for a time as foreign editor of the *Tribune*, but has been for the most part connected with the *Press*, during which time he has probably written more and better book reviews than any man in the country, except the veteran GEORGE RIPLEY. One of his first and best works after he came to this country was his edition of 'Christopher North's' *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, in which he embalmed most of the good things which were written by that famous writer. The work was compiled and annotated by Dr. MACKENZIE in an incredibly short time; but it was very successful, and its sale is still quite large, though it has been before the public nearly or quite twenty years. The doctor is still actively employed in his favorite literary labors, which have largely contributed to the success and popularity of that excellent paper. He is a famous autograph collector, and could not well be otherwise, for he has always been delving in matters of that sort. One of his pleasant diversions is the sportive imitation of the handwriting of distinguished people whose autographs are much sought after. One of these I have before me as I write. It contains imitations of the autographs of the following personages, so like the originals that they would pass muster in any collection—viz., VICTORIA R., BYRON, T. MOORE, ALBERT, WALTER SCOTT, BROUGHAM, D. O'CONNELL, etc. Once upon a time a dealer in London tried to sell the doctor a sheet of autographs for three guineas. Upon inspection he found that it was one he had himself made but a few evenings before."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SIXTY-SEVEN bodies of the victims of the *Wawasset* disaster, on the Potomac River, have been recovered. Many of the corpses were robbed by stragglers along the shore.

The Democrats of Maine have nominated Mr. Joseph Titcomb for Governor.

The Iowa Farmers' Convention met on the 13th inst., and adopted resolutions favoring a revenue tariff, denouncing back pay, and opposing land grants to railroad corporations.

A terrific rain-storm which occurred on the 14th inst. did great damage at Long Branch, Philadelphia, and throughout Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Maryland.

The Corporation Counsel has rendered an opinion holding that there is no law to prevent any body of men parading with arms in the streets of New York.

FOREIGN NEWS.

SIR JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE, late Attorney-General of England, has declined the office of Master of the Rolls, and Sir George Jessel has accepted it.

Victor Hugo interceded with the Duke de Broglie in behalf of Rochefort, but the pardon was refused.

A squadron of Austrian war vessels has been ordered to the Spanish coast. The Carlists claim an important victory at Vergara.

Christianople, in Sweden, has been totally destroyed by fire.

The Canadian Parliament was prorogued on the 13th inst.

The town-hall in Leeds, England, was burned on the 13th inst.

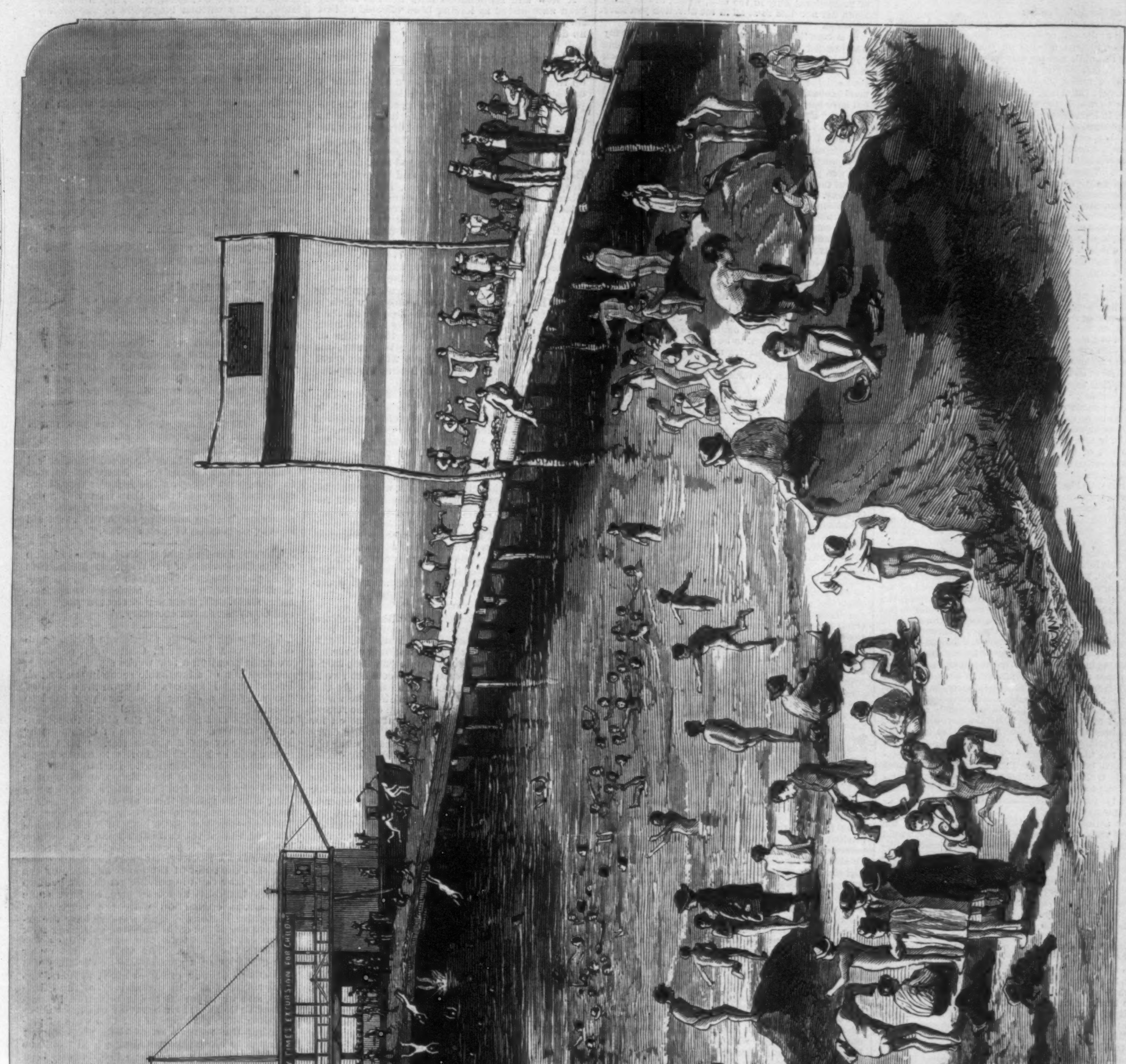
A new treaty of peace has been concluded between Brazil, Paraguay, and the Argentine republic.

Nine of the grand diplomas awarded by the Vienna Exposition are to American exhibitors.

WHAT SECTARIAN APPROPRIATION OF THE SCHOOL FUND IS DOING—

AND WHAT IT MAY LEAD TO.

THE PUBLIC-SCHOOL QUESTION.—[See "A Defense of Tweed and Sweeny's Educators," Page 754.]



THE NEWSBOYS' PICNIC—TUMBLING INTO THE WATER.—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.—[SEE PAGE 766.]

THE SUIT AGAINST THE UNION PACIFIC.

Editor of Harper's Weekly:

The leading editorial in your number of August 9, directed to the suit against the Union Pacific Railroad Company, implies a belief on your part that it is a subject of public and popular interest. In this I have reason to believe you are correct. If legal proceedings, taken under act of Congress, are perverted, as your article intimates, to purposes unworthy of the objects to which the suit is ostensibly directed—if counsel in immediate charge of the case are behaving so unprofessionally and improperly as your article states—it is quite clear to my mind these facts should be made known. The reputation of such men, however important to themselves, can have little public interest. Your imputations, if true, would disgrace counsel guilty of such conduct, both as men and as lawyers; but in that event they would have earned their punishment, and would have no right, if so inclined, to complain.

It would seem to follow that statements in regard to a topic of so much public interest should not be made unless they are true. The reputation of the country and the interests of justice would seem to require truth. Again, and in subordination to larger interests, the reputation of counsel for the United States may be important to themselves, and ought not to be traduced unless they deserve it.

I am one of the counsel. If there is obloquy to be thrown on the management of the case, I am fairly entitled to a share of it. I am in full accord and sympathy with my associates, Mr. Jenckes and Mr. Ashton, and believe nothing has been done except upon consultation and in full accord with each other. The law requires that the suit should be conducted under the direction of the Attorney-General. It has been and is so conducted. But you throw those imputations on us by name, and do not seem to include him except as he may be officially responsible for it. Assuredly, if any thing has been done in a wrong and bad spirit of the kind you intimate, the Attorney-General had no share in it. I can not conscientiously say that I consider my reputation imperiled; and yet I do not take kindly to the charges of unprofessional and wrong conduct which you have distributed broadly to the homes and firesides of the country.

Until the contrary is proved I have a right to assume that the person in charge of your editorial department is a gentleman. On this assumption, there is absolutely no alternative but to assume that he is both uninformed and misinformed as to the motives of counsel, as to the character of the case, and as to its management. Substantially the same views of the case, the same offensive imputations on counsel, the same turns of thought—so far as thought could be imputed to them—have heretofore appeared from time to time in other portions of the press of different degrees of respectability. I have imagined that I could discover in all of them internal evidences of a common origin. But for my habitual respect for the principles on which your paper is popularly supposed to be conducted, I should, from the same internal evidences, have attributed your article to the same common origin. Finding it in your widely circulated and widely respected *Weekly*, I am forbidden to entertain the supposition, and compelled to reconsider my belief as to all the rest. Possibly both myself and associates have attached too little importance to these misrepresentations, have been too much inclined from professional habits to undervalue careless reports, and that a contradiction sooner made might have saved some gentlemen of the press the mortification of making unfounded statements.

Your article involves two imputations upon me and my associates, either of which, being true, would contradict the other. One is feebleness and professional insufficiency; the other "a powerful and determined effort" to break down the credit of the company. To the latter branch of the charge, as matter of fact, I attach some importance. I declare it wholly, radically, and without qualification, unfounded. We have had no such policy, entertained no such wish, and have directed no part of our efforts to any such end. Nor do I believe that any thing we have done has injured its credit. It is possible that frequent and extensive misrepresentations of our acts and motives, all apparently made in the interest of the company, may have had some tendency in that direction. There is one contingency only in which I can conceive that the suit in any of its stages may hurt the credit of the company, and that is, if its managers shall persist in treating the credit of the company as identified with the transactions which brought them into trouble.

I have heard that the credit of the company has suffered, and is suffering, from the disclosures made in the testimony before the committee of the House of Representatives in Congress last winter. These disclosures were brought out chiefly in the testimony of the officers and managers of the company. All the allegations in our bill in equity relating to the financial condition of the company are based upon and supported by the testimony of the officers and managers of the company. If the credit of the company is hurt, they have hurt it.

You speak of danger to the credit of American securities abroad. I am not, and I do not believe my associates are, unmindful of that danger, or indifferent to it. More than one of the officers and managers of the Union Pacific defended themselves and the company before the committee by testifying that it has been the common, perhaps universal, usage of railroad companies to do as they themselves had done. This allegation has been often and publicly repeated elsewhere. I do not know that it was ever denied. If this idea should injure the credit of American securities, in what respect is the suit against the Union Pacific chargeable with it? I should imagine, however, that injury to credit, whether of this company or others, must depend on the existence of facts which either do or do not entitle them to credit. I have not heard that any allegation in our equity bill in relation to the financial condition of the company has been denied in court or elsewhere.

The word "credit" and the word "securities" are sometimes loosely used. Illegitimate and fictitious issues of paper which do not represent any thing, which secure nothing, are not themselves secured, and have no value, are sometimes spoken of as "securities." A disposition to deal in them is called "credit." As there is in fact no security, so there is no "credit," because those who deal in them have no faith in them. They handle them for the chances which may turn up. One of the chances is that unconscientious persons may deceive people who are ignorant, and induce them to part with something for nothing. When this becomes difficult, it is said the "credit" for "securities" has been injured. Correctly speaking, I should suppose that credit for American securities abroad would fall in proportion as they are confounded with this class of transactions, and rise in proportion as this class of transactions is suppressed. However this may be, "Messrs. Perry, Jenckes, and Ashton," to whom you allude with considerable disrespect, have at no time been guilty of an effort to injure the credit of the Union Pacific Railroad Company or of "American securities" in any sense of the word "credit" or of the word "securities." We have limited ourselves to the right line of professional duty in the case, which, in our judgment, did not take us at all in the direction you have supposed.

It is true that an injunction against the company was granted by Mr. Justice Hunt, of the Supreme Court. It is also true that the injunction was much more comprehensive and important than the writer of your article seems to be aware. It would be no strain upon probabilities to infer that this injunction would not have been granted if the allegations of the bill had been so "childish" and such "idle nonsense" as you represent. It was not "sprung" upon the company, as some of the newspapers said. The opportunity of the company to resist it or prepare for it was ample. No injunction was ever more openly or fairly obtained.

It was procured in the general interest of the objects of the suit, and in the interest of the credit of the company. In general terms, it is an injunction to prevent misappropriation of the revenues of the company. The earnings of the road are ample to pay running expenses, current repairs, and interest on the first mortgage bonds. The injunction forbids making any use of the revenues of the company which will disable it from keeping it in running order or from paying the interest on the first mortgage bonds. It secures beyond contingency these two great essentials to the usefulness and credit of the road. It cuts off all danger that the first mortgage bonds will be dishonored, and the road sold under a foreclosure of the mortgage. It hinders nothing which ought to be done, and helps every thing which ought to be done. It is a great and successful step in preserving the property for its equitable owners, whoever they may be. In view of the objects of the suit, the value of this step can scarcely be overrated.

There is no probability that the road cost over about $50,000,000. My impression is, the cost did not nearly approach that sum. Against this cost stand liabilities, including the stock of the company, to an amount considerably more than $100,000,000. The difference consists chiefly in stocks and bonds issued, and in percentages allowed, by the company as profits to its stockholders. The bill asserts that a large portion of the stock and bonds so issued are illegal, and void except so far as they have passed into the hands of *bona fide* purchasers without notice. The embarrassments of the company arise wholly from its recognition of claims upon it which the bill alleges to be inequitable, fictitious, and fraudulent. Were these cleared off, the credit of the company would be impregnable, and it would be so strong it would need no credit. The injunction prohibits the misappropriation of the earnings of the company to the payment of these claims except so far as they have passed into the hands of *bona fide* purchasers without notice. Other holders must stand as they are until the claims shall have been investigated and passed upon by a court of equity. It does not stop here. The company was about to issue sixteen millions of dollars of bonds to raise money to pay off a portion of the claims which the bill asserts to be illegal. This would have placed them beyond the reach of inquiry. The injunction stops that transaction.

You inquire, perhaps, what interest has the United States in these things? Besides their interest to secure repayment of the government bonds loaned the company, amounting, with interest to the present time, to more than $33,000,000, they have now exactly the same interest in keeping the company in a sound condition which they had originally in creating it, in granting it more than 20,000 square miles of land, and in loaning it $27,000,000 in government bonds.

The United States have another interest. Congress reserved the right, at discretion, to limit the profits to the company from its earnings to a specified percentage on its cost. If the pretended cost should be allowed to stand at figures more than double the real cost, out of tenderness to the desire of the contractors for illegal profits, Congress to that extent would load down the commerce and travel of the world with unjust rates of transportation. The people of our Northwestern States are showing signs of discontent with their own railroads on this or similar grounds.

Your article declares it to be "not worth while to wade through the long bill in equity filed by Messrs. Perry, Jenckes, and Ashton on behalf of the government. The charges against the Union Pacific Company are simply childish," etc. It might be too much to ask you to "wade through" any thing by which you could inform yourself of the nature and condition of the controversy. I know from experience that it is a labor too serious to be expected of any one who is not specially charged with some duty concerning it. But unless you do it, how *can* you write upon the subject with safety? How else *can* you form opinions, and how else *can* your expressed opinions be more than hearsay, borrowed probably from persons no better informed or more interested than yourself, but who prefer to see their opinions going to the country on your responsibility rather than their own?

It is difficult to omit a reply to other portions of the article, and to omit other statements necessary to an adequate notion of the character of the suit and of proceedings taken in it. The theme is large, and has large relations with other things; but I desire to write for publication, in this connection, as little as possible. Enough has been said here to show that your statements concerning the motives of counsel and the management of the case are not assented to. They do not pass as admitted to be true. In short, they are declared untrue. For the rest, the court is the proper tribunal to try the case.

Respectfully, Aaron F. Perry.

Cincinnati, Ohio, *August* 7, 1873.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Recent accounts confirm the report of a religious reaction in Japan. The students of the college at Jeddo have been forbidden to attend Christian worship. The seventh-day rest, adopted with the change of the calendar, has been abolished in the Department of Education, and a fifth-day rest substituted. The Department of Education has also issued an order forbidding the employment of religious teachers and missionaries in any school, public or private. There has been at the same time a revival of the heathen spirit in an attempted combination of Buddhism and Shintooism. Japan can not be expected to undergo a religious transformation in a day or a year. We must expect reaction as well as progress.

It is proposed by the Southern Methodists to erect a monument to the memory of Robert Williams, who planted Methodism in Virginia, and another to the memory of Robert Strawbridge, who introduced Methodism into Maryland.

The New York *Tablet* announces that "the Rev. Father Lewis, of Clifton, Staten Island, New York, received last week a large supply of the miraculous water from the grotto of Lourdes, in France. Any one writing to him, and inclosing an offering, will receive by express a flask." "A new and stupendous miracle" has already been announced as having been effected at this shrine. The demand for the water will now, no doubt, exceed the supply.

The annual meeting of the Hawaiian Evangelical Association of Missionaries, which was held on the 3d of June, must have been a melancholy occasion for the earnest Christians who took part in it. Leprosy is spreading among the islanders at such a fearful rate that it threatens to become universal. A statement drawn up by the members of the association reveals the significance of the progress of this loathsome disease: "It means the disorganization and total destruction of civilization, industry, and property values, of churches, contributions, the Hawaiian Board, and its work of missions. It means shame, defeat, and disgraceful overthrow to all that is promising and fair in the nation. The great peril is from general ignorance on this subject among the common people, and from their consequent apathy and perversity. They oppose the removal of lepers, and hide them. They eat, drink, and sleep with them."

There is already a leper settlement, numbering seven hundred persons, on Molokai, which is receiving constant accessions. Despite all their discouragements, the missionaries keep to their work with good heart. Among the deaths of the year was that of Mrs. Mercy Whitney, one of the pioneers of the mission, who had spent fifty-three years in Christian labors among the Sandwich Islanders.

The statistics of the Presbyterian Church in the United States have been carefully prepared by the stated clerk, and show 4802 churches, 4534 ministers, 470,023 communicants, 26,698 added during the year 1872 by profession of faith, and 20,266 by certificate. The total of contributions for ministerial support, church holding, and other church objects, was $9,622,030. These totals are exclusive of the Southern Assembly and the minor Presbyterian bodies.

The Bishop of Pernambuco, whose excommunication of Freemasons we have noticed, has refused to obey the government order to restore the excommunicated to church fellowship. The cable reports that the government will prosecute the bishop.

The question of the relations of the church and the state, which troubles all Europe, has been before the Hungarian Parliament. M. Deák, speaking for the government, announced recently that legislation was contemplated which would establish the same relations between the two as exist in the United States of America. As this could be only gradually accomplished, he would propose, first, "when the question of the reform of the Upper House of Parliament came on for discussion, that no official position should carry with it a seat in that House, as that would not invidiously single out bishops alone for exclusion. Second, that civil marriages be made compulsory. Thirdly, that the property of the State Church be divided equitably between the church and the state, the share of the former to be devoted to religious purposes, that of the latter to education. Lastly, with regard to the self-government of the Roman Catholic Church in Hungary, that the state should have only a negative right of interference—in other words, that it should not prescribe to Hungarian Catholics any scheme of self-government, but merely veto those points in which the rights of the state may be infringed."

The Old Catholics have gained a signal victory over the ultramontanes in the city of Constance. An ultramontane newspaper "having, since the recent admission of the Old Catholics to the use of the town church, attacked their services there with great bitterness as heretical and blasphemous, was indicted by them before the local court of justice for throwing contempt upon divine worship. The aggrieved congregation temporarily lost their cause, the judge refusing to consider the calumnious articles complained of as other than merely a controversial attack upon Dissenters. But this decision has now been reversed by the Supreme Court of Baden, in a sitting at Manheim, when the worship of the Old Catholics was declared to be as much under the protection of the state as any other, and the offending journal formally admonished and condemned in costs."

The *Presbyterian* of Philadelphia is authority for the statement that a branch of the English "Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament" exists in the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States. Its annual Conference was held in June last in this city. According to the *Presbyterian*, high mass and low mass were celebrated, and the Superior-General in his discourse congratulated "his brothers that the principle of non-communicating attendance and the vital truth involved therein, viz., that the blessed eucharist is a holy sacrifice as well as a sacrament, had been successfully asserted in the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church; that there were now sixty-five priests-associates, as against twenty-one in 1869; that eucharistic vestments are worn in sixteen out of forty-one dioceses; and that eucharistic lights have recently and without objection been introduced in Trinity Church, New York."

We know not how accurate these statements are; but the doctrine that the eucharist is a sacrifice for sin is Romanism, pure and simple.

A missionary living upon the borders of Thibet writes to the *Moravian* that in one of his tours in 1872 he found a prayer-mill in an idol temple. This mill was of enormous size, "the cylinder being at least eight feet high and five feet in diameter. In it the principal prayer in thousands of copies is turned round uninterruptedly by two people."

The *Nonconformist*, of England, while paying a deserved tribute to the value of the work of our American Protestant missionaries in Turkey, thus sums it up: "Up to the present time they have established in Turkey 222 common schools, have founded seventy-eight churches, have educated and licensed 110 pastors and teachers, have opened 200 preaching stations, have founded four theological colleges, have set up twelve girls' schools, and around these various institutions have gathered a Protestant population of over 20,000 souls. They have circulated, in the various languages of the empire, 400,000 copies of the sacred Scriptures, besides 500,000 other religious and useful books....and a host of college and school books....The moral results of such stupendous labors are beginning to draw the favorable attention of the Sultan ....and their intellectual influence begins to assert itself at Constantinople."

All this has been accomplished within the space of a single generation.

The Pope, on the 30th of May last, appointed a triduum of devotion, on the 12th, 13th, and 14th of August, for his deliverance from his enemies. It has been universally observed in the United States. The faithful who observe it are granted "an indulgence of seven years for each day." Is not this the buying of piety by issuing licenses to sin?

A forth-coming encyclical from the Pope is announced in some of the papers.

Dr. J. P. Newman, chaplain to the United States Senate, has arrived at Yokohama, Japan. His sermons in that city have made a good impression. A correspondent of the *Christian Intelligencer*, speaking of the need of able Christian ministers in Japan, says: "It seems a great pity, indeed, that some commanding preacher of Christ's Gospel could not be set upon the advanced posts of Christ's kingdom to serve as a restraint upon the immoralities of those *mis*representing Christian lands, and as an example and light to the heathen."

The difficulty here named is one that meets all missionaries in foreign lands.

The Presbyterians have organized a theological seminary at San Francisco. As an inducement to young men living on the Atlantic side of the continent, they advertise that they will "pay the expenses of students to San Francisco, if necessary, besides affording them the usual aid in the prosecution of their studies."

The one hundred and thirtieth annual session of the Conference of the Wesleyan Methodists of England began at Newcastle-on-Tyne July 30. More than seven hundred ministers were present. George T. Perks was elected president, and Gervase Smith secretary.

The Roman Catholic pilgrimage to the tomb of Thomas à Becket at Canterbury, of which we made mention a few weeks since, was made the occasion of a laughable scene in the British Parliament. It appears that upon the arrival of the pilgrims a Jesuit priest was permitted to have the use of the cathedral for a lecture on the monks and priests of the olden time. Inquiry was made in the House of Commons by Mr. Whalley about the matter. "Mr. Gladstone said he had no authority to quote for an account of the proceedings. He had, however, written to the canon in residence, an old college friend of his, and from the information he was thus able to gather there appeared to be only two suspicious circumstances in connection with the visit—one was that a body of Roman Catholics had visited the cathedral upon a day which was in some way connected with the martyrdom of Thomas à Becket [laughter], and the other was that the color of the paper announcing the meeting (the right honorable gentleman held up a pink handbill) appeared also to have some mysterious connection with the martyrdom. [Laughter.] Nor did Mr. Christie have the exclusive use of the cathedral—the gathering took place during the time the sacred edifice was open to the public. The visitors went under the guidance of a gentleman—he certainly was a Roman Catholic priest—who, it appears, was well acquainted with the history of the cathedral, and he imparted the information he possessed to them. Their behavior was most unexceptionable. He knew of but two ways of preventing the recurrence of such proceedings: one was to close the cathedral, which would be a misfortune, as great efforts had recently been made to throw open all the cathedrals to the inspection of the public; and the other was to administer a religious test to visitors. [Much laughter.] He might add that a number of Protestants were among the 'pilgrims' on the occasion referred to. [Laughter.] Mr. Whalley thanked the right honorable gentleman for his answer, but would he (Mr. Whalley) be allowed to address an assembly in the cathedral? [Great laughter.] Mr. Gladstone said that if the honorable member would issue an advertisement like that (again holding up the paper amidst much laughter), and would be prepared to give some useful information, he would, no doubt, be permitted to deliver an address. [Laughter.]"

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The proposal to build a large balloon and start on a voyage from America to England has called forth an excellent letter from the veteran balloonist, Samuel A. King, whose strenuous efforts and great personal sacrifice in the attempt to make the balloon the means of yielding reliable scientific results have placed him among the foremost of those who have devoted themselves to such work in this country.

In reference to crossing the Atlantic Mr. King writes: "I do not know of a single scientific authority who indorses any theory of a direct current moving continually from west to east at any height. The probable direction of the upper current would be from Boston over New Brunswick and the southern coast of Greenland into the Arctic Ocean."

The longest voyages with the greatest balloons ever made have never been equal to one entire day. The balloon can not retain its gas a longer time because of the overflow at the neck. Even if it could be maintained in the high western current, the time required to reach Europe must far exceed the two or three days promised by the projectors of the enterprise, since the average velocity of all the very high ascents is not greater than twenty miles an hour, to say nothing of the fact that they move in every other direction than the one needed for a trip across the Atlantic. In refer-

ence to the uses of the balloon for meteorological and physical observations, it may be stated that Mr. King has made over one hundred and eighty balloon voyages, in several of which he has traveled remarkable distances. A brief synopsis of these, giving the direction of the upper and lower currents, with other data, was read by him before the Washington Philosophical Society in 1871. On all his ascensions in 1871 and subsequently he has freely invited competent meteorological observers to accompany him, his own time being required for the management of the aerial ship. Notwithstanding losses during the great fire in Boston, Professor King has built, and very successfully used, a large balloon, designed specially for carrying delicate meteorological instruments. It would redound greatly to the credit of New York city could there be established a stationary balloon in the Central Park, as is described in Glaisher's *Travels in the Air*, that could be used not only for popular amusement, but for meteorological observations, in charge of the director of the Meteorological Observatory.

The *Weekly Weather Chronicle* of the Army Signal-office for the week ending August 13 gives us the following information: During the week an area of low barometer has moved from Manitoba southeastward through Canada to Maine and New Brunswick; a second depression is now central in Virginia, having apparently developed in the Ohio Valley. The rain-fall for the past week averages about as follows in the districts mentioned: St. Lawrence Valley and New England, 0.05 inch; Middle Atlantic States, 1.8 inches; South Atlantic States, 0.5; Eastern Gulf States, 1.5; Lower Lake region, 0.4; Upper Lake region, 0.3; Ohio Valley and Tennessee, 1.0; Lower Missouri Valley, 0.4; Minnesota, 0.5. Cloudy weather appears to have prevailed more extensively than clear weather, and the occurrence of extremely hot weather is not noticed. The Red River has changed but little; the Missouri and Cumberland rivers have fallen about one foot; the Mississippi has fallen from one-half of a foot to three feet. The upper portion of the Ohio has also fallen.

An excellent opportunity is now offered to the historian and antiquarian to obtain an extremely interesting collection of letters of General Washington, and some well-authenticated articles worn and used by him. The letters consist of the correspondence of General Washington with Colonel Burgess Ball, of Virginia, who was his aid-de-camp during the Revolution, and married his niece, Frances Washington. The correspondence is quite full and complete, and reveals many interesting traits in the private life of the "Father of his Country." Among the other objects formerly owned by Washington are his epaulets and his Masonic apron, the genuineness of which the owners are prepared to guarantee. Those desirous of learning more in regard to these articles can do so by addressing Mrs. Mary B. Ball, Owl Run Post-office, Fauquier County, Virginia.

The report of the Commissioners of Fisheries of the State of New Hampshire, presented to the Legislature at the June session of 1873, has just made its appearance, giving an account of what has been done by them in the way of protecting and increasing the food fishes of the State. In regard to the matter of fish-ways they state that they have, so far, failed to find one that is perfectly satisfactory, all the plans presented to their consideration being considered defective in one point or another. More has been done in regard to the salmon than any other food fish, a large number having been placed in the head waters of the Merrimac, at Woodstock and Thornton. Of these 21,000 were received from the United States Commissioner.

An important branch of the labors of the Commissioners in previous years has been the introduction of fresh-water smelt into various ponds and streams, especially for the purpose of serving as food for trout and other *Salmonidæ*. There appears to be little difficulty in multiplying these fish in the interior waters, and thus adding greatly to their food resources.

Advices from the expedition of Lieutenant George M. Wheeler announce its continued success in accomplishing the objects of the survey, the various parties being all fairly at work in their respective fields, and daily heaping up material in the way of facts and collections. The last in the field was Mr. G. K. Gilbert, the geologist of the expedition, who was detained for some time in Washington in preliminary work. He will be accompanied in the field, as medical officer and naturalist, by Dr. Cleveland Newberry, a son of Dr. J. S. Newberry, so eminent as a geologist and explorer, and who, we hope, will in time rival his distinguished father in this respect.

Leverrier announces that having considered, in chapter xviii. of his *Astronomical Researches*, the inequalities of Jupiter and Saturn in so far as they mutually depend on each other, and in chapter xix. the secular variations of the elements of the orbits of Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, he now presents to the Academy of Sciences at Paris the complete theory of the motion of Jupiter, constituting chapter xx. of his *Researches*.

The plans of the United States Geological Survey, under Professor Hayden, have been somewhat modified during the present summer by the difficulties with the Ute Indians, and it will probably be necessary to confine its labors to the southern part of Colorado. The party has no escort, and is consequently obliged to move with great caution. Professor Hayden reports, under date of July 2, very satisfactory progress; about five thousand square miles having been already surveyed, under the direction of Mr. James T. Gardner. The naturalists of the expedition have also been unintermitting in their labors, and have accumulated a large mass of collections. Over one hundred first-class large negatives of scenery have been made by the photographer, Mr. Jackson. The party has recently been joined by Professor Cope.

The first meeting of the board of commissioners appointed to conduct the experimental trials upon steam-boilers, with a view of obtaining more accurate knowledge of the causes of steam-boiler explosions, was recently held in Washington, District of Columbia. D. D. Smith, Supervising Inspector-General of Steam-Vessels, was elected chairman, and George W. Taylor, of the Steamboat Inspection Bureau, secretary.

Several committees presented reports, containing plans for a series of experimental trials with steam-boilers, one set to be made at Sandy Hook and the other at Pittsburg.

The meeting also passed a joint resolution defining the meaning of the term *explosion*, as employed by them, to be a bursting of a very violent and destructive character, as distinguished from a mere opening or rupture of a weak part of the structure, which results in little or no damage other than to the boiler itself. The resolution closes with the invitation to all persons who are interested in this important subject to co-operate with the committee.

It will be good news to inventors to know that the New York Legislature has renewed, for the period of one year, the offer of one hundred thousand dollars' reward for improvement in canal navigation. The general text of the offer stipulates the payment of this large sum to the inventor of a plan for navigating the Erie Canal, in the State of New York, which shall prove on trial to be better and more economical than the existing method of towing by horses.

The past winter was very mild in the southern portion of Iceland, but quite severe in the northern. In the middle of January an eruption of the volcanoes in the great Yokul Mountains, in the southeast corner of the island, took place, which continued with unusual violence for about a week, and then suddenly ceased. Since then no fire has been noticed. Large quantities of ashes have fallen on different localities, but it is believed that the deep bed of snow protected the pasture lands from destruction. Volcanic eruptions took place at the same time in Chili.

The Panama *Star and Herald* of June 25 announces the usual migration of the brilliant butterfly *Urania leilus*, and that they were so abundant as to appear in their flight like dried leaves driven by the wind. As usual, their course was from west to east; but whence they came and whither bound has not been ascertained. All the females caught were nearly full of eggs.

The great War Department expedition for the survey of the region west of the hundredth meridian, under Lieutenant George M. Wheeler, has been fairly at work for some time, the last of the parties having reached the field and commenced operations, from which much may be anticipated. Professor Safford is conducting astronomical observations in the field at Santa Fé, and other equally eminent specialists have been engaged. An excellent paleontological collector, in the person of Mr. Keasby, has joined the party in addition to the force heretofore enumerated.

A paper in Petermann's *Mittheilungen* upon the drift-wood found in Nova Zembla has at present a special interest in connection with the discovery of fragments of a similar character by the crew of the *Polaris* in Polaris and Newman bays. The Nova Zembla specimens consisted mainly of willow of various thicknesses. There were also, however, pieces of beech nearly a foot in diameter, several species of pine, among these *P. sylvestris*, an *Abies*, etc. It is thought that a large portion of this material must have been derived from the Petchora, Obi, and Yenisei rivers, and that none of it could have been derived from the current of the Gulf Stream.

In a paper by Dr. Horn upon the Coleoptera of the Rocky Mountains, published in Professor Hayden's report on the geology of Montana, an interesting generalization is made in reference to the relations of external physical conditions to the structure of insects. The doctor remarks that from an examination of a large number of specimens of *Eleodes*, as also of other genera, he finds that the higher the elevation, or the colder the climate, the rougher and more deeply sculptured is the species, and that the smoother forms are to be found at lower latitudes, or in places nearer the level of the sea. For this reason he has no difficulty in establishing many so-called species of *Eleodes* and of *Omus* as geographical races of a smaller number of species, and in which the law referred to is clearly indicated.

He also finds that species every where in our fauna appear to be distributed on lines of country presenting as nearly as possible similar meteorological conditions. Thus, many Oregon forms extend southward into California, gradually seeking a higher mountain habitat as the region becomes warmer. Two species—*Trogosoma harrisii* and *Phryganophilus collaris*—extend their habitat from Maine to California, following the cooler regions westward from Maine through the Canadas and Red River region, thence northward nearly to Sitka. From the latter point southward to Oregon both occur at the ordinary level, and rising as a more southern region is reached, until, at the latitude of Visalia, they occur only a short distance below the snow line, at an altitude of from ten to twelve thousand feet.

Professor Van Beneden announces the discovery of remains of a fossil bird in the Rupelian clay of the tertiary of Holland, and identifies them unhesitatingly as belonging to the *Fuliz marila*, or black-headed duck (shuffler), a species well known to sportsmen and naturalists as common to both Europe and America. This identification, if correct, of which Mr. Van Beneden seems to entertain no doubt, is an interesting fact, as carrying back this species through a very remote antiquity. The remains discovered consisted of a complete sternum, a large portion of the skull, the clavicle, humerus, and other portions of the skeleton.

The arrangement made by Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, a few months ago, for the interchange between America and Europe, by Atlantic cable, of important astronomical discoveries and announcements, appears to have borne excellent fruit. One great object of this movement was to enable astronomers in all parts of the world to concentrate attention upon any celestial phenomenon before too great a change of place had occurred, or before the intervention of a long period of moonlight after the first discovery. On the 26th of May last Professor Henry announced a new planet, discovered by Professor Peters, to the Observatory of Paris, among other institutions, and on the following night it was looked for by the director of the Observatory of Marseilles, who at once detected it, and subjected it to a careful criticism. The announcement of three planets has thus far been made from the Smithsonian Institution to Europe; the only return communication being that of a telescopic comet, discovered at Vienna on the 5th of July. On being notified of the fact, Professor Hough, of the Dudley Observatory, at Albany, made search for it, and succeeded in finding the object without any difficulty.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Coney Island, distant about ten miles by steamboat from the Battery, New York, is a more popular than aristocratic sea-side resort. In fact, many complaints have been made to the effect that this fine bathing-place is almost wholly unavailable to the more quiet and respectable portion of the community on account of the roughness and "rowdyism" encountered on the passage thither and on the island itself. There is certainly some ground for these complaints. There are three general routes to Coney Island—by steamboat from several piers on the East and North rivers; by street cars from Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn, *via* Prospect Park and Coney Island Plank Road; and by street cars to Greenwood Cemetery, and thence by the "dummy" train, passing through Bath and New Utrecht. Of course the details of experience will vary on any one of these routes not only with the day, but with the *time* of day, the morning trips being doubtless less crowded and more quiet than the later ones. We will simply give our own experience, which was far less disagreeable than that reported by many others. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon of a warm August day when we took a Greenwood car *en route* for the "best beach on the Atlantic coast." No crowd interfered with the enjoyment of a breezy ride in the open car, and at Greenwood we changed to the "dummy" train. The huge open cars were well filled with people of all classes, except if there were any so-called "roughs," their presence was not apparent. Entire good order and quiet prevailed, smokers were banished to a special car, and nothing stronger than pea-nuts was visibly circulated among the passengers. A fine sea-breeze made the ride invigorating. A few steps only from the car station brought us on the beach. No great crowd was gathered there, though enough people to make a lively scene, without any approach to rudeness or disorder. It was now about a quarter of six, and during the hour we remained the sea bathing went on spiritedly, but with as much decorum as we ordinarily observe at more aristocratic watering-places, and the return ride was free from the slightest disturbance. A few days later we took the four-o'clock Coney Island steamer at Martin's Pier, Brooklyn, though it chanced to be half an hour behind time. The boat was crowded with a very miscellaneous throng; and though from the comparatively retired corner where we found seats we witnessed no noisy disorder, we did observe small whisky-bottles passing from hand to hand not only among men, but from them to women, and the excitement produced was manifest in coarser tones and louder laughter than was agreeable. On reaching the island, a walk of less than half a mile brought us to the most frequented bathing-place. A great crowd were striving to obtain tickets for bathing-rooms, of which there are about three hundred at this locality. A certain routine is observed in regard to rooms, keys, etc., which apparently is restrictive, and designed to give security. The beach was thronged, and the sea seemed full of heads and bodies near the shore: farther out there was plenty of room! Perhaps there was no unusual disorder, considering the multitude, during the hour from six to seven, but many things were, to speak mildly, open to criticism. Returning to New York by another line of steamers, which land on the North River, the sail was far from being a quiet one. Evidently many of the passengers had indulged freely in liquor, and their noisy hilarity was not restrained. In short, we saw many disagreeable sights on our homeward trip. The sail to Coney Island is in itself delightful; the beach is a fine one, and considered safe; it is conveniently near New York. It is to be regretted that some arrangement is not made whereby people who desire a quiet sail and quiet bathing might enjoy this excursion, which, with proper restrictions, would be a delightful one. Hundreds would willingly pay double the present price of a ticket to Coney Island to secure a sail in a neat, well-ordered boat, free from fear of such rudeness and disgraceful conduct as now may by chance occur on any trip to the island.

Hospitality is an excellent quality; but we hardly think any one is required to go to the extreme of a certain benevolent Nashville gentleman, who has been known to address a stranger to whom he has just been introduced: "I'm delighted to see you, my friend—delighted to see you. Come home and take dinner with me. I heard my wife speak of you yesterday!"

In the Minnesota lakes they use hay-forks instead of ordinary fishing tackle. "Go West."

It is asserted by those who know the "*Edwin Drood* man," who is reported to be completing that "mystery," as a "medium," that he is entirely incapable of accomplishing any such task in his normal condition. Well, the public will await further developments, which are sure to come.

The following important suggestions to bathers are given by the Life-saving Society of this city:

"Avoid entering the water within two hours after a meal, or when exhausted from any cause, or when the body is cooling after perspiration.

"Stay in the water usually not more that fifteen minutes.

"Leave the water always with promptness, and dress at once. Do it immediately on suffering from chilliness, especially if there be numbness of hands and feet.

"The best time for bathing for strong persons is before breakfast.

"For the young or weakly the best time is two or three hours after breakfast.

"Bathing should be entirely avoided by those in whom it habitually causes faintness, giddiness, or disagreeable palpitation of the heart.

"Exposure of the head to the sun during bathing is attended with special danger of sun-stroke."

There recently died in the city of Philadelphia an eccentric and penurious man, the value of whose estate will not fall far short of $1,000,000. He commenced life as a farm-laborer, but having determined to become rich, he soon abandoned that employment, and being exceedingly shrewd, he studied law, and practiced among the poorer classes—not for their good, but for his own. He observed the most rigid economy, living in the meanest manner, and investing every dollar above what was necessary to keep life in his body and clothes on his back in real estate. About a week before his death he said, "I started out, when I commenced the practice of the law, with the idea of dying the richest man at the bar who had made his own money. I believe I have, and that idea is realized." Such was his ambition. He died surrounded by no comforts, and few friends; and his wealth, which was worse than useless to him in life, will go to relatives from some of whom he especially desired to withhold it.

A box containing two dozen cans of canned corn was carried away from a corn factory in Farmington, Maine, by a violent freshet which occurred four years ago. A short time since it was found buried in the sand of the interval. The wood had rotted, and the tin cans rusted, yet the corn inside was perfectly good.

The Canada Southern Railway Company have made surveys for a prospective railway suspension-bridge across the Niagara River.

During the month of July the four dog pounds in Brooklyn were the medium of death to 939 unfortunate canines, whose vacant places in the streets and elsewhere are, however, regarded with much satisfaction by a majority of the inhabitants.

Oysters, innocent as they look, have enemies. The star-fish is a serious foe to the oyster-man's interests. Whole schools of this kind of fish sometimes settle on an oyster ground, and do not leave it until they have wholly destroyed it. They close their five-fingered form over the mouth of their victim and suck him to death. The drum-head is also fatal to oysters. He takes them in his muscular jaws and crushes them to death.

Two frescoes by Raphael, carefully removed from the walls of an Italian monastery, were recently sold in Paris by auction for $47,300.

We are tempted to wish that we had some Boston boots in New York city. One of those people who consider horse-cars as spittoons recently entered a Boston car, and inadvertently bestowed his attentions upon a gentleman's boot. No sooner had the boot felt the indignity than it seemed endowed with sudden vitality. It attacked the expectorator, until he madly volunteered to give it satisfaction if it would accompany him out of the car for a few moments. The challenger and the boot departed: the spectators saw hats flying, and arms and legs spinning about with so much velocity that it was impossible to tell who owned them. After a breathless time the outraged boot was avenged, and departed triumphantly.

A secular reporter avers that "somebody took advantage of Mr. Beecher's absence from Plymouth Church last Sunday to distribute circulars among the worshipers extolling the virtues of a certain patent corn-plaster." "This must be an error," remarks a friend who has read the item to us, and suggests that the reporter probably is not extensively familiar with theologic literature, and mistook an advertisement of a well-known and highly esteemed religious classic for an announcement of a cure for "*Bunions on the pilgrim's progress.*"

The lovely Lake Mohawk lies in a chasm on the Shawangunk range of mountains, at an elevation of 1243 feet above the level of the ocean. On the western side a wall of rock rises over 200 feet above the water, and on the eastern is a high spur 300 feet higher than the lake. The rocks are gray and grim in appearance.

The following is one of the latest contributions to the book of singular epitaphs. It is attributed to a grave-stone in a cemetery of Dover, New Hampshire:

Repository
of
Husband & Wife.
Joseph Hartwell, Inanimated
Apr. 7, 1867, Æt. 68.
Betsey Hartwell, Inanimated
Dec. 7, 1862, Æt. 68.

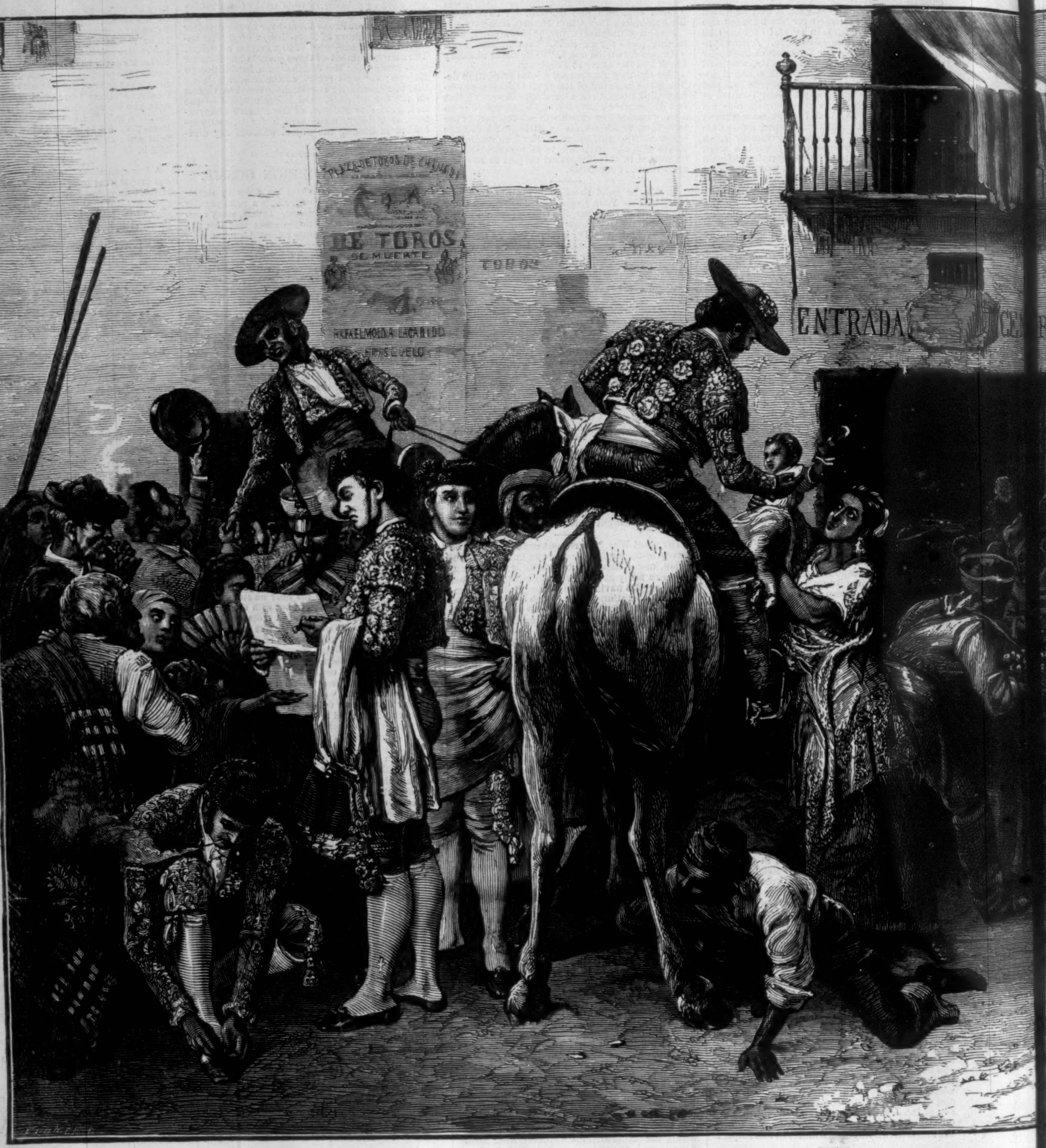
The following embraces a period of forty-one years: In all of our relations in life toward each other there has been naught but one continuation of fidelity and loving-kindness. We have never participated nor countenanced in others secretly or otherwise that which was calculated to subjugate the masses of the people to the dictation of the few. And now we will return to our Common Mother, with our individualities in life unimpaired, to pass through together the ordeal of life's chemical Laboratory preparatory to recuperation.

A lawyer of Liverpool, England, is in a mental snarl by the facts of a divorce case which is in his hands. His client, a Swede, married an Englishwoman in Germany, and went to reside in England. The woman has recently absconded with a Russian, and is now living with him in Italy, while the husband is in an exceeding hurry for a divorce in order that he may marry a French lady and settle in America. The mixture of nations is crazing that solicitor.

In her recent *Outlines of Men, Women, and Things*, Mary Clemmer Ames writes this paragraph, which is only too true:

"The sister is taught, whatever her temptation may be, that she must be good; the brother is left to believe that, however he tries, he can not help being bad. It is expected of him that he will grow to be a respectable man some day, but before that event, through the law of his nature, he must necessarily be very wicked. The sister is taught she must preserve herself blameless for the future husband to whose life she is to be the crown; the brother is left to spend the same time in 'sowing his wild oats.' To his wife he is to bring no virginity of heart, no purity of person, no record of a stainless past. Many a man looks into the eyes of the wife who trusts him as she does her God, into the faces of his daughters who believe him to be scarcely lower than the angels, with a secret remorse which can not be measured, as memory forces in upon his thought what he has been—perhaps what he is. With what shame he is conscious that if they knew his secret history, he would stand transformed before their eyes!"

A curious practice prevails among certain fish in India, which frequently leave the waters of their natural home and mount the trees on the river-banks, thus obtaining a mouthful of fresh air, and also a pleasant view of the surrounding country. Most of the fishes of India are air-breathers, some being provided with curiously expanded pharyngeal bones, which serve as air-receptacles. Such a provision of nature is necessitated by the impurities of the muddy rivers of India, for pure water-breathers could not pass through the gills water filled with gritty substances.



Á LOS TOROS—OUTSIDE THE BULL-RING, GRANADA.—[From th P

SPANISH BULL-FIGHTS.

The bull-fight is the national sport of the Spanish people. Adopted from the Moors, it has become a national institution, and has been carried into all the countries settled by Spanish colonists. In every principal city in Spain, the Spanish West Indies, Mexico, and Spanish South America there is an arena for these bloody and disgusting exhibitions, at which, on Sundays and great holidays, the élite of society, as well as its dregs, assemble to witness a spectacle worthy only of a barbarous age. It strikes an American with surprise and horror to see ladies and gentlemen looking on from their boxes while the gayly dressed bull-fighters torment their victim, applauding with impartial fervor each brilliant passage of arms on either side. So there is sport and excitement, it matters little to the audience which side wins the day. A successful charge by the tormented bull, bringing horse and rider to the ground, calls out equal applause with a skillful thrust of lance or sword which draws a stream of blood from the poor victim of the barbarous sport.

The illustration above this article shows the outside of the bull-ring at Granada, in Spain, just before the beginning of a fight. An eager crowd of visitors pours through the principal entrance, in the centre, while on the left is seen a group of gayly attired performers surrounded by friends and admirers. Skillful and successful bull-fighters are great favorites with Spanish ladies, who send them flowers and other decorations, as the ladies of olden times used to deck out their chosen knights for the tournament. The ladies also send wreaths of flowers and ribbons to decorate the bulls, in order that they may present a gay appearance when let into the ring.

Let us enter with the crowd which passes through the "Entrada General," and see how Spanish ladies and gentlemen enjoy the sport. The building is circular, open to the sky, with tiers of seats sloping upward from the arena like the seats of an ordinary circus, and capable of holding eight or ten thousand people. One tier is divided into boxes, where the wealthy and aristocratic part of the audience is seated. Here may be seen ladies and gentlemen, priests in their ecclesiastical habit, military and civil officers, chatting and laughing and flirting—the priests are not behind the rest of mankind in the arts of social gallantry—and all impatient for the bloody sport to begin. In the other seats a motley crowd of men, women, and children jostle for good places, and keep up a constant hum of good-natured talk and raillery. The arena is a circular space, surrounded by a strong wooden fence about six feet high, with a number of small detached wooden structures of the same height in front, just space enough being left between them and the main fence for a too closely pursued fighter to dodge into for safety. The surface of the arena is strewn with sawdust to soak up the blood that may be shed.

At length a blast of trumpets interrupts the hum of voices, and a body of combatants enters the ring. They are gayly dressed, and present a most striking and brilliant effect. Marching to the opposite side of the ring, they bow to the authorities, and then take their places in readiness for action. At a given signal a small iron gate is suddenly thrown open, and a furious bull bounds frantically into the arena; as if petrified with astonishment at the strange scene around him, he stands motionless for a few seconds, staring wildly at the audience and vehemently pawing the ground. This lasts but a moment. Catching sight of a red flag waved before him by one of the *chulos*, or foot-combatants, he rushes frantically at his antagonist, who evades the charge by vaulting over the inclosure of the ring, or dodging behind one of the smaller fences. The raging animal, thus balked of his victim, now plunges desperately toward one of the *picadors*, or mounted horsemen, who calmly and fearlessly awaits his approach, and by a masterly thrust of his long sharp-pointed lance repels the furious onset. Thwarted a second time, the bull becomes more frantic than before, and his low, suppressed roar, expressive of rage and passion, sounds like distant thunder. Half closing his glaring eyes, and lowering his massive head, he rushes again at one of the picadors, and with such tremendous force and swiftness that the horseman's lance has no power to avert the charge. Down go horse and rider to the ground, while shouts of wild applause fill the arena. "Bravo toro! viva toro!" and other exclamations of encouragement for the bull break from every mouth. The picador loses no time in springing to his feet and remounting his trembling horse, from whose breast pours a stream of blood. The moment the bull, whose attention has been diverted by the chulos, catches sight of the blood, he makes another furious rush at his antagonist, and thrusting his horns into the horse's body, almost lifts the animal from the ground, inflicting a ghastly wound, through which the poor creature's entrails protrude. Unable any longer to sustain himself, the horse falls to the ground an
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m the Picture by Haynes Williams in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy.]

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[illegible] matador, undismayed by the ferocious aspect of the bull, cautiously advances, with his eyes fixed firmly and magnetically upon him; a bright Toledo blade glistens in his right hand, while in his left he carries the *muleta*, or crimson flag, with which to exasperate the declining spirit of his foe. An intense stillness reigns throughout the vast assemblage, the most critical point of the tragedy is at hand, and every glance is riveted upon the person and movements of the matador. A single fatal thrust may launch him into eternity, yet no expression of fear escapes him; cool and self-possessed, he stands before his victim, studious of every motion, and ready to take advantage of any chance. At length, like an electric flash, the polished steel of the matador flies in the air, and descends with tremendous force into the neck of the doomed animal, burying itself in the flesh even up to the hilt. The blow is well made, and from the mouth of the bull a torrent of blood gushes forth in a crimson stream; he staggers, drops on his knees, recovers himself for an instant, and then falls dead at the feet of his conqueror, amidst the tumultuous plaudits of the excited throng of spectators.

A team of six or eight gayly caparisoned mules is then driven into the arena, and the dead body of the bull is dragged out, to give place to another exhibition of human cruelty and brute endurance.

Sometimes the sport is varied by eccentric exhibitions. The matador will come in mounted on stilts which raise him half a yard from the ground. They are lashed strongly to his legs, and one misstep would settle his fate; but he runs about the weary and unwieldy animal, dances before him, waves the red flag in his eyes, and finally kills him with a thrust of a sword. Sometimes the bull on entering the ring finds a row of persons dressed in fantastic costumes seated in chairs directly across his path. He plunges at them, and they defend themselves with lances; but they are tossed about in the air with their chairs, creating a scene of infinite amusement to the spectators. When any one is thrown to the ground he rolls himself up like a hedgehog, knowing that though he may get some terrible thrusts, the bull will soon leave a motionless object to pursue the livelier adversaries around him. Another company of men, eight or ten in number, are trained to rush into the arena and fall upon the bull, and hold him almost immovable merely by the grasp of their hands, while one of their number, seizing his horns, lifts himself into the air, feet uppermost, upon the animal's head.

A few years since a female matador appeared in the arena at Seville, and created the wildest excitement by her exploits. She was a young woman of twenty-eight or thirty years, a brunette, well-proportioned, robust, and full of energy. Her costume was like that of the dancing-girls of the theatres. She bore a flag and a sword, and after provoking the bull by the waving of her flag and her garments, and wearying him with his fruitless attacks upon her, she assailed him in front, and killed him with a thrust of her sword in his neck, and then gracefully acknowledged the enthusiastic applause of the spectators.

The Spanish people defend their delight in this barbarous sport by saying that it is the wonderful display of skill and bravery that fascinates their attention, and not the shedding of blood or the sufferings of the animals. These disagreeable incidents of the sport, they say, are entirely lost sight of in the excitement of the contest between human pluck and dexterity and brute force and courage. A poor defense, surely, and unworthy even of those who make it. It shows the degrading influence of the spectacle on those who are accustomed to witness it from their childhood. The effect can not but be demoralizing. True humanity teaches us, in Wordsworth's words,

> "Never to mix our pleasure or our pride
> With suffering to the meanest thing that feels."

But this humanity is not imbibed in the arena of a Spanish bull-fight.

In some countries where bull-fights are permitted there is not even the merit of danger to the human combatants to give zest to the display. In Cuba and Mexico, for instance, the horns of the bull are blunted or covered with a button to prevent his goring the man, and he is generally a half-starved, poor-spirited creature, without the pluck to attack until worried and tortured into a kind of frenzy. The horses, too, are generally old hacks, too old for further service, and almost incapable of motion. They are ridden blindfolded, and a more pitiable sight can not be imagined than one of these poor creatures, trembling, bleeding, scarcely able to keep on its legs, while the brutal rider tries to spur it into motion. The blunted horns, which only bruise the well-defended body of the bull-fighter, inflict terrible wounds on the horse. The bull-fights in Spain are conducted on different principles. There the bulls are large, courageous, and pugnacious, and when they make a charge they mean business. The men are exposed to real danger, and not unfrequently human life is sacrificed to make a Spanish holiday.

(Continued from Supplement to No. 869.)

STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

Book the Third.

CHAPTER XI.—(*Continued.*)

"THEN let me see some one who can tell me what all this means. This lady is your mistress's sister, who has traveled five hundred miles to see her, only to be told that she is gone, no one knows where. Is there any one else in the house who can explain this business?"

The footman shook his head despondently.

"There's Colter the butler, Sir," he said; "*he* might know something, and there's my lady's own maid."

"Let me see her," exclaimed Mr. Forde; whereupon the footman, always with a despondent air, ushered them into the library, a darksome but splendid apartment, which the Glasgow manufacturer had furnished with antique carved shelves for books that had never been supplied, a room in which literature was represented by a waste-paper basket, a what-not crammed with stale newspapers, a *Ruff's Guide, Post and Paddock*, and three or four numbers of *Baily's Magazine.*

Here Malcolm Forde paced to and fro, his soul shaken to its lowest deep, while Gertrude sat in a huge arm-chair and cried feebly. What had they done with Elizabeth? What sinister motive had they in this sudden flight? What had they done with the helpless creature who had come to him for refuge, casting herself upon his pity, entreating with heart-piercing accents for shelter and protection? And he had refused to shelter her. The fear of injuring her in the sight of the world, or of widening the breach between her and her husband, had been stronger with him than love and pity; the anxious desire to do his duty had triumphed over the voice of his heart, which had said, "Claim a brother's right to protect her in her affliction, and defy the world."

He had done that which he had deemed the only thing possible for him to do. He had summoned her nearest of kin, the sister who had a right to be by her side at such a time, even in defiance of a husband. He had done this, and behold! it was as if he had done nothing for her. Where had they taken her—on what dismal journey had she gone—with a nurse and a doctor? His heart sank as he brooded upon that question. There was only one answer that presented itself—an answer that was horrible to think of.

The door was opened after some delay by Mr. Colter, the butler, who had been enjoying the morning in a dressing-gown-and-slipper condition, loitering over a late breakfast and making the most of the family's absence, and had just made a hasty toilet in order to come to the front and see what was meant by Miss Luttrell's unlooked-for appearance on the scene. Behind him came a young woman with a nervous air, and eyelids that were reddened with weeping.

"This young person is Lady Paulyn's maid, Sarah Todd," said the butler, blandly. "I have sent for her to see you, Sir, as I was informed you had expressed a wish to that effeck. But there is no information she can give you about my lady as I don't know as well as her. I'm sorry you should have made such a long journey for nothink, ma'am," he added, turning to Miss Luttrell, "but if you'd wrote, or telegraphed, the trouble might have been avided."

"I want to know all about this business, Sir," said Malcolm Forde, with his sternest air. "At whose bidding and in whose custody was Lady Paulyn removed from this house?"

"By the horder of her medical adviser, Sir, and under his protection, with a nurse halso in attendance upon her."

"Indeed! Then Lord Paulyn was not with his wife?"

"No, Sir. My lord is in Inverness-shire."

"What! Then it was in his absence Lady Paulyn was removed?"

"Certingly, Sir—which the removal of her ladyship had been arranged before his lordship left this house. It was his lordship's wish to be away at the time—with a natural delickisy of feeling."

"Where has Lady Paulyn been taken? To her house in Park Lane?"

"No, Sir."

Here Sarah Todd, the maid, dissolved into tears; at which the butler stared sternly at her, informing her that the lady and gentleman wanted none of her sniveling.

"Pray do not scold her," said Mr. Forde. "I am glad to see that she can feel for her mistress. And now perhaps you will be good enough to tell me where Lady Paulyn has been taken—if not to her town-house?"

"That, Sir, is a question which I do not feel myself at liberty to hanswer."

"You need not stand upon punctilio. You can waive the natural delicacy of mind which you no doubt share with your master. I can guess the worst you can tell me. Lady Paulyn has been taken to a private mad-house."

"I believe, Sir, it is somethink in the way of an asylum. Strickly private, of course, and every think upon the footing of a gentleman's 'ouse," replied the butler, softening, with a view to a possible donation, slipped unobtrusively into his palm presently, when he was escorting these visitors back to their carriage.

"Can you give me the exact address of the house?"

"No, Sir. Every think was kep extraordinary close. I heard it was somewheres near London. Even the nurse didn't know where she was gone."

"One of the nurses went with Lady Paulyn, you say? Which was she—the tall woman?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And what became of the other?"

"She left by the same train, Sir, to go back to her own home."

"Do you know *her* address?"

"No, Sir."

"Nor you?" turning to the maid.

"No, Sir. But she came from an institution somewhere near the Strand. You might hear of her perhaps there."

"Will you oblige me by writing down the names of both nurses on a slip of paper?" said Mr. Forde.

There were an inkstand and portfolio on the table, and the girl sat down immediately and wrote two names in a neat school-girl hand.

"'Mrs. Barber,' that's the tall nurse who went with Lady Paulyn, Sir. 'Mrs. Gurbage,' that's the one who went home."

"Thanks. I must try to find Mrs. Gurbage. And now tell this lady all you can. I'll leave you with her for a few minutes while I talk to Mr. Colter in the hall. Tell her how Lady Paulyn was when she left this place."

The girl shook her head sorrowfully. "There's very little I can tell, Sir, though I loved my lady dearly, for she was always a dear good mistress to me. A little hasty sometimes, but oh, so generous and kind. But from the time she began to be so ill they wouldn't let me go near her, though I know she used to ask for me, for I've stood outside her door sometimes for half an hour at a time and listened and heard her call me, and then cry so pitifully, 'Let me have some one with me that I know—for God's sake send me some one I know!'"

The girl remained with Miss Luttrell, while Mr. Forde and the butler went out into the hall and waited for them. But there was little more to be extracted either from man or maid.

They only knew that after the fever Lady Paulyn had gone out of her mind. She had suffered an attack of the same kind after her baby's death—only not so severe an attack. The doctors had come backward and forward, and it had ended by her ladyship being removed under the care of one of them—whose very name the butler had never heard.

"Every think was kep so close," he repeated; "and it would have been as much as our places were worth to show any curossity."

Thus, after a little while, they left Slogh-na-Dyack in darkest ignorance, and Mr. Forde took Miss Luttrell to the manse, to give her rest and refreshment before their next move, which must be to London.

The woman he loved better than all things else in this lower world was hidden away from him in a mad-house. Hard trial of his faith, who had made duty his rule of life. If he had followed the dictates of his heart that night, he might have found her some safe refuge—might have saved her from this living grave. With a bitter pang he recalled that last contemptuous look which she had flung him when she accused him of cowardice.

CHAPTER XII.

"That was my true love's voice. Where is he? I heard him call. I am free! Nobody shall hinder me. I will fly to his neck, and lie on his bosom. He called Margaret! He stood upon the threshold. In the midst—through the howling and chattering of hell—through the grim, devilish scoffing—I knew the sweet, the loving tone again."

A SPACIOUS old-fashioned mansion north of London, among the green by-roads between Barnet and Watford; a noble old house, red brick, of the Anne period, with centre and wings making three sides of a quadrangle; a stately old house, lying remote from the high-road, and surrounded by pleasure-grounds and park—the latter somewhat flat and dreary, but on a high level, with glimpses of a fine landscape here and there through a break in the wood. The house had belonged to a law lord of the Augustan age of good Queen Anne; a once famous law lord, whose portrait in wig and state robes looked down from the paneled walls, and with divers other effigies of his wife and children went among the fixtures of the house, and was flung into the bargain on very easy terms, among crystal chandeliers, antique fenders and fire-irons, shutter-bells, and other conveniences of a by-gone age. From the law lord the mansion had descended to a wholesale grocer of the Sir-Balaam type, who thought "two puddings" luxuries, and rolled ponderously to Mincing Lane every day in his glass-coach. Then came an Anglo-Indian colonel, enriched by the plunder of silver-gated cities and Brahminical temples, who held high-jinks in the old house, and ended by throwing himself from an upper window in a fit of delirium tremens. This helped to give the house a bad name, and together with its curiously isolated position, remote from all modes of conveyance—an extreme inconvenience in an age when every body requires to be conveyed—tended to depress its market value; whereupon it was bought a dead bargain by a speculative solicitor, who tried to let it for some years without success, during which period the inhabitants of Hetheridge, a little village half a mile distant, were confirmed in their conviction that Hetheridge Hall, the mansion in question, was the favorite resort of

"Hags, ghosts, and sprites
That haunt the nights."

In due time, however, the place came under the notice of Dr. Cameron, who, as his patients increased in number, required a larger mansion than that in which his father had begun business, and who, finding in Hetheridge and its hall a situation and an abode at once eligible and inexpensive, made haste to secure house and grounds on a long lease, getting the portraits of the law lord and his olive-branches flung in for an old song, as well as grounds furnished with some of the finest specimens of the fir tribe in the county of Herts.

So the noble music-room, where the bewigged and bepowdered family of the law lord smirked and simpered on the paneled walls, and where the law lord himself had entertained the élite of the country-side with stately old-fashioned hospitality, was now given up to the weekly junketings of ladies and gentlemen of more or less disordered intellect; ladies upon whose head-gear, and gentlemen upon whose collars and cravats, eccentricity had set its seal. Here once a week throughout the slow long winter the doctor's patients pranced and capered through First Sets and Lancers and Caledonians; while the younger and more fashionable among them even essayed round dances. Here, in full view of those stately effigies of the patch-and-powder period, mild refreshment in the way of white-wine negus and raspberry-jam tarts was dispensed between nine o'clock and ten; when the junketers dispersed more or less unwillingly to their several chambers, under close guard of nurses and keepers, who drove them along passages and up staircases like a flock of sheep.

The traveler, lingering a few moments by the park fence to look down the long straight avenue at the grim red façade of Hetheridge Hall, was apt, knowing the story of the place, to fancy dire scenes of horror within those solid old walls: secret dungeon chambers under-ground, in which wretched creatures, forgotten by all the world except one brutal guardian, languished in sempiternal darkness, chained to a damp black wall, against which the slimy rats pushed noiselessly to fight for the madman's scanty meal; dreary windowless rooms in the heart of the house, approached by secret passages known of but by a few, where pale white-haired women pined in a life-long silence. But there were neither *robora* nor *piombi* in Dr. Cameron's prosperous and comfortable establishment; and the only horrors within that melancholy mansion were the gloomy thoughts of those among its occupants who were not quite mad enough to be unconscious of their state, or the black despair of those in whom madness was a thing of violence and terror, a ceaseless fever of the brain, like a caldron forever at boiling-point, full of fancies grim and loathsome as the constituents of a witch's hell-broth.

Happily for the doctor, there was a good deal of comfortable easy-going lunacy in his establishment: patients who liked their dinner, and kept up their spirits by quarreling with each other and reviling their nurses. Some of these custodians were amiable young women enough, and really kind to their charges; but there was another class of attendants who, finding life in an asylum rather a dull business, took it out of the patients, and acquired a diabolical skill in the administration of sly pinches and invisible squeezes in public; while in private their mode of remonstrance with a refractory or fretful patient took the more open form of bangs and kicks. Any bruises or abrasions resulting from this rough-and-ready style of argument were easily accounted for as having been self-inflicted by the patient, "poor thing."

The doctor was a man of considerable benevolence, who conducted his house on a liberal scale, gave his patients airy rooms, ample service, and good living; and only failed to secure them from the possibility of ill-usage for the simple reason that he was not ubiquitous. He did not live at Hetheridge, but drove down from the West End once or twice a week in his brougham, saw a few particular cases, smiled his soothing smile upon the victims of mental delusion, dextrously fenced those strange direct questions which madness is apt to put to its guardian, walked through the public rooms, made a good many inquiries, looked about him in a general way, took a chop and a glass or two of dry sherry with his subordinate—the medical superintendent at Hetheridge—and then went back to his metropolitan practice, which was a large one.

In this strange abode Elizabeth awoke one morning from a long troubled dream of swift journeying through the land, bound like a captive in a corner of the railway carriage; for had she not resisted this transit, opposing her sudden removal from Slogh-na-Dyack with what little force she had? whereby the physician, kindly as his nature was, felt himself called upon to exercise his authority with a certain severity of aspect, and to treat Lady Paulyn as a naughty child requiring nursery discipline.

Darker than the darkest dream that ever visited the couch of fever was that rapid journey from north to south. The swiftness of the transit was in itself an agony to that enfeebled brain; the perpetual monotonous thump of the engine, like the throbbing of some giant heart beating itself to death; the ceaseless shifting of the landscape—moor and mountain, valley and wood, flitting past behind the blinding rain, like shadows moving in a phantom world; all these things were torment to that distracted mind. No warning of the intended journey had been given to the patient, no hint of impending change in her mode of life; for doctors and nurses alike concurred in treating her as if she had been a sick child. From the hour in which hallucination set in, this infantine treatment had been religiously observed. The possibility of a bright intellect struggling in an agony of perplexed thought behind the dim clouds that obscured it was utterly ignored. Because the patient thought wrongly upon some points, she was set down at once as incapable of reasonable thought upon any point. Left in the dismal blankness of isolation—no friendly word whispered in her ear, no tidings of the outer world permitted to dispute the dominion of wild imaginings—her weakened brain had been wearied by perpetual wonder at her own state, and why she was thus cut off from all communion with her kind.

On the morning of the journey she had been dressed like a child who is taken for an airing, her traveling dress hustled upon her by the nurse's impatient hands, dragged down the stairs against her will—protesting vehemently, in wildest despair, as if moved by some prophetic sense of impending doom. Then came a dream-like apathy, in which thought was not, only the acute agony of shattered nerves.

For some time after her arrival at Hetheridge Park, Lady Paulyn was pronounced unfit for the social circle, as there represented by a small assemblage of ladies and gentlemen of various habits and opinions, whom the world, as represented by doctors and commissioners of lunacy, had agreed in pronouncing of unsound mind. They were not, on the whole, widely different from other ladies and gentlemen, nor did their lunacy exhibit those salient points which afford material for the pen of a Warren or a Gilbert; in fact, they did little to distinguish themselves from the vulgar herd of the sane.

They were a shade more disagreeable than the outside world, or exhibited their various ill tempers more freely; grumbled a great deal upon every possible subject, and each pursued his or her line of thought without reference to external circumstances, with a harmless egotism not uncommon even in the outer world.

But to these specimens of the later stage of Dr. Cameron's process, which were in a manner the bedded-out plants of his collection, removed from the forcing-house or the hot-bed of solitary confinement into the open, Lady Paulyn was not yet considered fit to be introduced. Such at least was the opinion of Dr. Cameron and the house surgeon, who took their opinions from the nurses. Their own visits to Lady Paulyn's rooms only showed them a motionless figure in an arm-chair, with pale dejected face, and loosened hair tossed back from a weary-looking brow; a haggard face, and wild tearless eyes which gazed at them wonderingly out of a dream-world.

The system in this case was naturally the system usual in all other cases; what physician could chop and change his treatment to suit the idiosyncrasies of every new patient? The same smoothing smile which Dr. Cameron, like the sun which shines alike upon the just and the unjust, shed upon a crazy stock-broker whose mental balance had tottered in unison with his balance at his banker's, under the cumulative burden of contango, he shed also upon Lady Paulyn. The gentle gesture with which he smoothed the roughened locks of the wealthy grocer's wife, who had succumbed to a too devoted attention to the wine-and-spirit department of her husband's business, was the same touch, half-patronizing, half-caressing, which he laid like a good man's blessing upon Elizabeth's fevered forehead. He had even a little sympathetic murmur, a faint humming, as of a benevolent bee, which he bestowed alike upon all first-class patients. He perhaps hummed a trifle less for the second-class boarders, but even for them he had kindly pitying smiles, but always as of a superior order of being, whose brain had been constructed upon quite another model, and was altogether a different kind of machine, not by any possibility to be disorganized.

Dr. Cameron, devoting five minutes twice a week or so to this very interesting case, was greeted by the patient only with a despairing silence and mute wondering looks from troubled eyes—wonder at this period predominating over every other sensation—wonder why she was in that place; why he, Malcolm, had so utterly deserted her; why all her surroundings had undergone a change so sudden and complete that it seemed to her as if she was an infant newly born into a new world—wonder which was mute, for when she tried to speak strange words came, and the power of language seemed to have left her, except in spasmodic outbursts of complaint, complaint addressed to the bare walls or to her adamantine nurses. Dr. Cameron seeing her in this state, and being duly informed by loquacious nurses that Lady Paulyn was violent and hysterical, began to think the chances of speedy cure more than doubtful. The patient talked to herself a great deal, her nurses told him, and obstinately refused to sleep, in which peculiar temper she was the worst subject they had ever had to deal with.

"We don't get a wink of sleep for hours at a stretch," complained Nurse Barber, of the grenadier aspect. "Talking to herself all night long, drumming with her fingers on the wall, and that restless! Turn and turn, and toss and toss from side to side, and sigh and moan in a way that goes to your very marrow! I think for troublesomeness she's about the worst patient I ever laid eyes on."

"Does she ever speak of her husband now?" asked the doctor, inquiring for some token of awakening memory.

"Lord bless you, no, Sir; and if we say any thing about him, stands us out, up hill and down dale, that there's no such person, and that she never was married. Once when I mentioned his name, thinkin' as that might bring her to reason, she looked at me with her foolish smile, twisting and untwisting her hair round her fingers all the time, and said, 'Poor Lord Paulyn! Yes, he was in love with me once, poor fellow! But that's all over. I was true to Malcolm.' As to the way she carries on about that Malcolm, it's downright wicked."

So Dr. Cameron looked kindly at the troublesome patient, hummed and ha'd a little in his mild way, which meant that he could make nothing of her, murmured something professional to himself about cerebral disturbance, like a clock which strikes in an empty room from the mere habit of striking, and departed, knowing just as much about that curious mystery the human mind in this case as he knew in the case of the drunken grocer's wife, or the demented stock-jobber, prescribing almost exactly the same treatment, with

a little difference as to diet, perhaps, since this was a more delicate organization—Roussillon instead of bottled stout, the breast of a chicken instead of a rump-steak—departed, and left Elizabeth in the utter darkness of a lonely room and in the power of the nurses she abhorred.

The lottery of nurses is not unlike that lottery to which some atrabilious misogynist has compared marriage. It is like dipping for a single eel in a bag of snakes. Elizabeth's first draw had resulted in snakes. Her two nurses were, first, the grenadier woman, with the muscles of a gladiator, not a badly disposed person, perhaps, could one have arrived at the motive principle of her nature, but using her enormous strength half unconsciously, and having a fixed opinion that physical force was the only treatment for a mind askew; secondly, a vain pretty girl, who enjoyed a flirtation with a keeper or gentlemanly lunatic on the high-road to recovery better than the solitude of the patient's chamber, who had adopted the position of mad-house nurse because it paid better than pleasanter modes of industry, and who wreaked her disgust for her calling upon the subject of her care. She was morally worse than the grenadier, heartless and shallow beyond all measure, and maliciously gratified at having a lady at her mercy.

Thus followed the long days and the longer nights; nights for the greater part utterly without sleep, long watches in the dim light of the night-lamp, watches through which all the imps and demons of madness held their horrid Sabbath in that one unresting brain; nights in which the patient's mind was like a rudderless ship driven thousands of miles out of her course, or like a star that has been loosed from its natural station in heaven to reel tempest-driven through infinite space. Who dare follow the thoughts of that distracted brain, the inextricable tangle of waking dreams and shreds of memory, going back to childhood's cloudiest recollections of a world that seemed sweeter than the world known in later years? Nor were those silent nights voiceless for her. Voices that she loved spoke to her from the corridor outside her door, only divided from her by that fatal locked door. Sometimes it was her mother's gentle half-plaintive tone, as of one who had always found life a thing to grumble at; sometimes her baby's tiny voice calling with his first broken word, the tender cry she had been so proud to hear; sometimes her father's genial tones; for in this long dream of madness death was not. But oftenest of all came the voice of Malcolm Forde. He was always near her, shielding and consoling her. There were nights when he would not speak, but she was not the less convinced of his presence. She knelt by that cruel door in the dead of the night—while the nurses, stretched grimly on their truckle-beds, kept guard over her as they slept—and laid her head against the panel, and felt that her loved ones were near her; felt as if their very breath shed a gentle warmth through the magnetic wood, and melted the ice at her heavy heart. She was as certain of their vicinity as she had ever been of any fact in her life. She never doubted, never questioned how they had come there, wondered at nothing except why she was separated from them, and this severance she came by-and-by to ascribe to the settled enmity of her nurses.

With the gray light of morning that dream would vanish, and give place to another fancy, or sometimes to a period of dull apathy, an absolute blank, in which perhaps the brain rested after its nightly fever. She was quiet enough in the day, the nurses admitted to each other, whereby they contrived to steal various hours for their own amusements, gossip or flirtation as the case might be, while the patient sat alone and stared at the fire, whose dangerous properties were guarded by a large wire screen. Against this screen Elizabeth leaned, and looked into the fire, which seemed the most sympathetic thing in her narrow world, and struck wild chords on the wires of the guard, and imagined the music that should have answered to her touch, and even played some simple melody of days gone by—"Vedrai carino," or "Voi che sapete."

No one essayed to help her back to sense and memory. The doctors came and looked at her, and patted her on the head, and passed from before her sight like the shifting shadows of a magic lantern, and had about as much meaning for her. No one tried to awaken her senses from their long dream with books or genial talk, with music, or pictures, or flowers, or any of those familiar things that might have touched the mystic chords of memory. There was a certain routine for all patients at Hetheridge Hall, where madness was cured, or taken care of, upon a wholesale system, not admitting of minute differences. A comfortable open carriage was maintained for the use of the first-class patients, and these, when pronounced well enough for such indulgence, were allowed to commune with nature daily during an hour's drive, generally on the same turnpike-road. A glimpse of the outer world which raised strange vague longings in some distracted minds, while for other more sluggish spirits the wide wintry landscape and the distant dome of St. Paul's, seen dimly athwart a blue-gray cloud, seemed no more than a picture flashed before their troubled eyes—a picture of fields and hedgerows and sky and cloud dimly remembered in some former stage of existence.

During the first six weeks of her residence at Hetheridge—time of which the patient herself kept no count, but which seemed rather a vast blank interval, a dismal pause wherein life came to a stand-still, than so many days and nights—Lady Paulyn was pronounced too weak for out-of-door exercise of any kind whatever, and in this period she scarcely saw the sky. It was there certainly—the blue vault of heaven—visible from the upper part of her window, the lower half being kept closely shuttered lest she should do herself a mischief; for Nurse Barber remembered and dwelt upon that little episode at Slogh-na-Dyack when she had sought to force herself out of the window. The sky was there, within reach of her dull eyes, and she did not look up at it. Her brain was a medley of old thoughts, a chaos of many-colored scraps and shreds, like a good housekeeper's rag-bag. All her married life—with its social triumphs, its unbroken brilliancy, its splendor and extravagance—was as if it had never been; and young memories, childish fancies, and the days when her first and only love ripened into passion, usurped her mind. Madness, which in its worst folly has a curious tendency to hit upon universal truths, revealed the unquenchable power of a first poetic love—a love which, pure as the vestal's sacred fire, burns with its quiet light through all the storms of life, and grows brighter as the pilgrim's path descends the valley where the shadows thicken on the border-land of life and death.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Hast thou no care of me? Shal. I abide
In this du'l world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty?"

Tongataboo and Taheiti—or the Tongataboo and Taheiti of the day—had to wait the return of their pastor. Savage chieftains, holding council in the domestic seclusion of their matting with their wives and families, could but lament the absence of that white-skinned teacher whom at his first coming they had been disposed to treat as a god. That autumn-tide did not see Malcolm Forde's return to the South Sea Islands. For a little while, at least, even duty must be in abeyance, his place must wait for him. The society for which he had worked knew him well enough to know that he was thoroughly in earnest—that he would return in due time, and complete the labor he had begun, and widen the area of his labors, and faint not until Death should say to him, "Thus far, and no farther, shalt thou journey, O pilgrim and messenger!"

Meanwhile he staid in England to do something very near his heart, to watch and pray for the woman he loved, and whom, as it seemed, all the world except himself had abandoned to bitterest fate. But for him Gertrude Luttrell would have yielded helplessly, nervelessly, almost placidly to the force of circumstances—would have meekly accepted the fact that her sister had been transferred to a lunatic asylum as a melancholy necessity, against which there could be no appeal, beyond which there could be but the smallest margin for hope.

But Malcolm Forde was not inclined to take things so patiently. He came straightway to London with Miss Luttrell, saw Mrs. Chevenix, whose malady—chronic neuralgia—seemed hardly so severe or tangible an affliction as to justify her refusal to come to her niece's rescue, and who, in this sad crisis of her favorite niece's life, had little help of any kind to offer, and seemed chiefly tormented by a melancholy foreboding that *it*, meaning Elizabeth's madness, would get into the papers.

"Every thing does get into the papers sooner or later," she said, despondently. "I'm sure there's no such thing as the sanctity of private life for people of position. I shall never take up my *Morning Post* without a shudder from this time forward."

"Had we not better think of how we are to save your niece from the anguish of her present situation rather than of keeping the fact out of the *Morning Post?*" said Mr. Forde. "It might be necessary even for us to appeal to the press for help, if we found no other way of rescuing her."

"Oh, Mr. Forde!" moaned Mrs. Chevenix, applying herself mechanically to her scent-bottle; "don't pray talk about the anguish of her situation. We have no reason to suppose that she is unhappy. With my nephew Lord Paulyn's splendid income, she would, of course, be sure of the very highest form of treatment; every advantage which wealth could provide."

"We will take that for granted, if you like. But she is in the hands of strangers, and even her sister does not know where or with whom. The fitful fever of the brain which succeeded fever of the body has been set down as madness, and in that state of mental exaltation—every sense intensified, her capacity for suffering increased twentyfold—she has been handed over to strangers, whose interests will be best served by her permanent estrangement. Say that they are conscientious, and will do their best to cure her, will the best they can do counterbalance the horror of that sudden removal to an entirely strange place, and the banishment of every human creature and every object with which she was familiar? Is not such a shock eminently calculated to turn temporary hallucination into life-long madness? I am almost distracted when I think of what has been done!" cried Malcolm, starting from his chair, and pacing the Eaton Place drawing-room—the room which seemed destined only to witness his misery.

Mrs. Chevenix sighed, and again sought relief from the scent-bottle, first from one end and then the other, as if in aromatic vinegar there might lurk a virtue that was not in sal volatile.

"The first thing to be done," said Malcolm, coming to a stand-still by the writing-table, at which Gertrude sat helpless, those perpetual tears standing in her eyes—she had done nothing but shed those two slow languid tears since she left Slogh-na-Dyack, as if, having produced these silent evidences of feeling, she had done her duty to her sister—"the first thing to be done is for Miss Luttrell to write to Lord Paulyn, requesting to be immediately informed of the place to which her sister has been taken, and the people to whom she has been intrusted. You had better write the letter in duplicate, Miss Luttrell, and address one copy to Park Lane, and the other to Slogh-na-Dyack."

Miss Luttrell endeavored to obey, with a sheep-like meekness, but finding her absolutely incapable of framing a sentence, Mr. Forde himself dictated the letter, which was brief and decisive, ending with the formal request, "Be good enough to telegraph an immediate reply."

It was also at Mr. Forde's suggestion that Miss Luttrell took up her abode in her aunt's house until such time as she should be better informed about her sister's fate.

Having done this, and feeling, with supreme pain, that there was little more he could do, Mr. Forde went to his solicitor in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and took counsel with him upon the legal aspect of Lady Paulyn's position. The lawyer's opinion was not particularly cheering. Elizabeth's husband was her natural guardian. With the sanction of the Commissioners in Lunacy, he could place her in whatever licensed establishment he pleased. Her sisters and her aunt counted for very little in her life.

No reply to Gertrude's letter came in the shape of a telegram; but three days after the letter had been sent—days of intolerable length for Malcolm Forde—there came a curt scrawl from the Viscount, informing his "Dear Miss Luttrell" that Lady Paulyn had been placed in the care of Dr. Cameron, of Chesterfield Row, and Hetheridge Hall, Herts; that it was quite impossible she could be in better hands; and that, having already suffered so much trouble and annoyance from this unhappy event, he must request that no further letters might be addressed to him upon the subject. He was on the point of starting for Rome, where he meant to winter; his native country having become obnoxious to him. The letter was full of his lordship's personal grievance, and contained not one affectionate or compassionate allusion to his wife.

It contained, however, all that Malcolm Forde wanted to know, the name of the doctor and the mad-house.

He made Gertrude accompany him to Chesterfield Row within half an hour of the receipt of the letter. He had taken up his quarters for a few days with an old friend in Cadogan Place, in order to be within five minutes' walk of Mrs. Chevenix's house, and had stipulated that a messenger should bring him immediate tidings of Lord Paulyn's reply. Thus it was that so little time was lost between the arrival of the letter and their interview with Lady Paulyn's physician.

Dr. Cameron was kindness itself; smiled his sweet smile upon Gertrude and her clerical friend; pledged himself to do all that he could do, in reason.

"But really what you ask for, Mr. —Mr. Forde," with a glance at the cards that had been sent in to him, "is quite out of the question. I can perfectly understand Miss Luttrell's natural desire to see her sister. But an interview, in the present stage of affairs, is simply impossible."

"Yet is it not just possible, Dr. Cameron, that the sight of some one whom she has known and loved all her life—a familiar home-face, bringing back old memories—might strike a chord—"

"My dear Sir," exclaimed the doctor in his blandest way, "that is the very thing we want to avoid; there must be no chords struck yet awhile, the instrument is not strong enough to bear the shock. It is all very well on the stage or in a novel; we are told to believe that a favorite melody is played, a familiar face is seen, and the patient gives a shriek, and recovers his senses in a moment upon the spot. My dear Sir, there is no such thing possible. Mental aberration, without positive change in the condition of the brain, is a thing of the rarest occurrence. We have to cure the brain, which we can neither see nor handle, just as we set a broken arm, which we can do what we like with. And the first and most essential step toward recovery is repose, absolute rest. You will understand, therefore, my dear Miss Luttrell, why I am compelled to forbid any intrusion upon the tranquil solitude in which our dear patient is now placed."

"How soon may I see her?" asked Gertrude.

"That is a question beyond my power to answer. All must depend upon her progress toward recovery. If she recovers, which I trust, which I may venture to say I believe, she ultimately will, I shall be happy to let you see her directly I find her mind strong enough to bear the emotion that must be caused by such a meeting. I will not ask you to wait till she is really well, for that naturally will be an affair of time, and at the best rather a long time; but as soon as the brain begins to regain its balance, concurrently with the return of bodily strength, you shall be allowed to see her. Lord Paulyn, who is naturally as anxious as yourself, has resigned himself to the inevitable, and submits to my judgment in this sad affair."

"He is so far resigned," said Mr. Forde, with some touch of bitterness, "that he contemplates going abroad, and putting the Channel between himself and his afflicted wife."

"A step I myself recommended," replied Dr. Cameron. "Lord Paulyn has been rather severely shaken by this business; and as he is of an excitable temperament, the consequences to himself might not be without peril."

The conversation lasted some time longer. Mr. Forde was not easily satisfied. He tried to obtain some definite expression of the physician's opinion. But physicians are not given to definite opinions. Dr. Cameron seesawed the matter in his most delicate way, said all that was kind about Lady Paulyn, persuaded Miss Luttrell that the best thing she could possibly do would be to go back to Devonshire and there quietly wait for tidings of her sister's recovery, and then politely dismissed his visitors, who had really usurped a good deal of his valuable morning, while patients with their fees neatly papered in their waistcoat pockets were yawning over a three-weeks-old *Illustrated London News*, or a year-old *Quarterly*.

Gertrude left Chesterfield Row sorely dejected in mind, and disposed to take the doctor's advice, and go straight back to the little house in the Boroughbridge Road, where bright fenders and fire-irons and polished tables would be going to rack and ruin in the absence of her supervising eye. She, of old so strong-minded, seemed to have become the weakest and most helpless of womankind.

"It isn't as if I could be any good to Elizabeth," she said. "If I could help her in any way, I shouldn't care what sacrifices I made. But Dr. Cameron says I may have to wait for months before he can let me see her, and what will become of the house all that time, with only Diana and Blanche, who have no more idea of looking after things than if they were infants? We shall all be ruined if I don't go back soon."

"And when you are gone back, if your sister were dying, and Dr. Cameron at the last moment awoke to the idea that she should have some one near her whom she had loved, you will be in Devonshire—too far to be summoned in time to be of any use."

"But she is not going to die," cried Gertrude, with a frightened look; "Dr. Cameron said nothing about her dying."

"Not directly; but he said she was in a very weak state of health, and a physician seldom says quite all he means. I have seen her, remember, and the change I saw in her was enough to put sad forebodings into my mind. O God, to think of her alone in a mad-house," he cried, with a little burst of passion, "the brightest creature that ever lived upon this earth!"

"But they will take the utmost care of her," said Gertrude, tremulously, and with a faint pang of envy, envying Elizabeth even now because Malcolm Forde had loved her—still loved her, perhaps—for was not this keen anxiety more than simple Christian charity? "Dr. Cameron told us that; and she will have every comfort—every luxury—a carriage at her disposal when she is well enough to use it."

"Every comfort—every luxury! Do you think your sister cares for comforts and luxuries in a prison? Her proud free spirit might have found happiness on a desert island. Bondage has strangled it—the bondage of a fatal marriage—and now the bondage of a mad-house. Gertrude, when I think of the past I am almost mad. If I had not been the proudest fool that ever lived, all this might have been prevented. 'My darling,'" he murmured, softly, "that bright mind should never have gone astray had I had the keeping of it."

He grew calmer presently, and discussed things quietly with Gertrude, who, shamed out of her small worldliness by his deeper feeling, agreed to remain in Eaton Place so long as Aunt Chevenix would shelter her there; or, if need were, to take a modest lodging nearer her sister's prison-house, and to let fenders, fire-irons, and even the family tea-kettle, enfolded in baize and cunningly secreted under the best bed, take care of themselves.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A Shakspearean was reading *A Midsummer Night's Dream* to the sailors of a ship in which he was crossing the Atlantic, and they listened with pleasure, till he came to a passage which described "a mermaid sitting on a dolphin's back," when an old salt burst out, "That's nonsense! A dolphin's back is as sharp as a razor, and no mermaid could ride one till she'd saddled him."

An old man who was before the San Francisco police court the other day, charged with drunkenness, arose majestically in the dock, and defied the law to do its utmost. Placing one hand on the top of his head, he exclaimed: "Let fall thy shears on vulnerable crests; I bear a charmed life." He was bald-headed.

A new American dictionary defines *delirium tremens* as "a tight fit."

The most appalling case of deafness that we ever came across outside of an asylum was that of an old lady who lives just across the street from the Navy-yard. The other day they fired a salute of twenty-one guns. The old lady was observed to start and listen as the last gun was fired, and then she exclaimed, "Come in!"

There is a time for all things. The time to leave is when a young lady asks you what kind of a day it is for walking.

An Acrobatic Feat—Footing up a column.

At Banchory lately the parish school-master, out of curiosity, put the question to the scholars, "What is nothing?" A pause ensued, until an urchin, whose proclivities for earning a penny were well known among his school-fellows, got up and replied, "It's when a man asks ye to haud his horse and jist says thank ye."

Cruelty to Animals—Throwing physic to the dogs.

A man advertises for a competent person to undertake the sale of a new medicine, and adds that "it will be highly lucrative to the undertaker."

The following lines are said to have been copied from a stone in Oxford, New Hampshire:

"To all my friends I bid adieu:
A more sudden death you never knew:
As I was leading the old mare to drink
She kicked, and killed me quicker'n a wink."

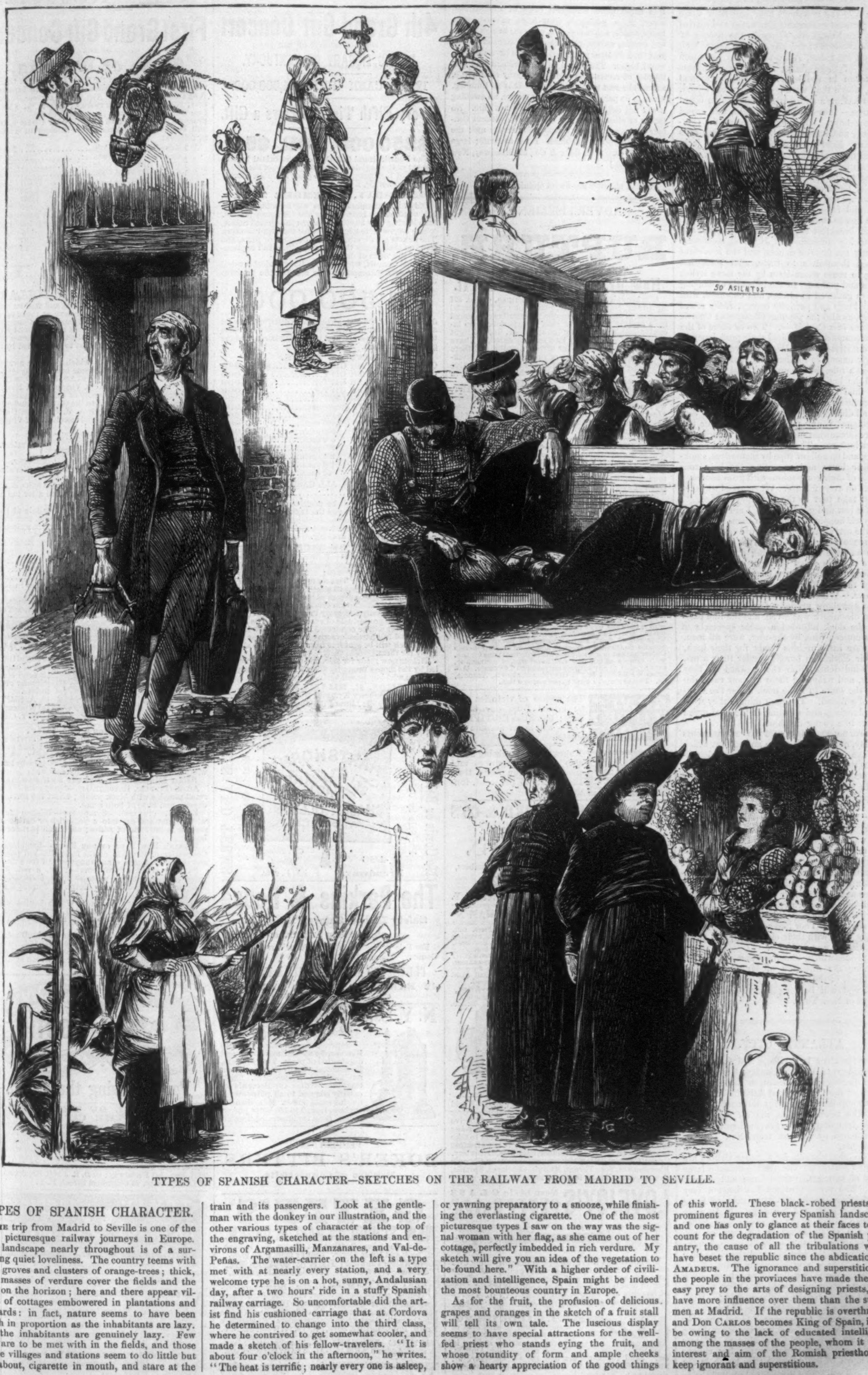
An old man's advice to a young man is, Don't love two girls at once. Love is a good thing, but it is like butter in warm weather—it won't do to have too much on hand at once.

Always examine an old plug hat before you kick it.

Some men never lose their presence of mind. In Chicago last week a man threw his mother-in-law out of a window in the fifth story of a burning building, and then carried a feather-bed down in his arms.

An economical Iowan, who had a toothache, determined to remove his tooth in the Indian fashion. Accordingly, he bent down a sapling in the woods, lay down himself, and attached a stout cord to his tooth and the sapling. Then he touched the spring, and the next he knew he had jumped over a grove of short forty small trees, and was trying to get out of a small pond that he happened to alight in.

THE BEACH AT ATLANTIC CITY.—Drawn by R. Lewis.—[See Page 766.]



TYPES OF SPANISH CHARACTER—SKETCHES ON THE RAILWAY FROM MADRID TO SEVILLE.

TYPES OF SPANISH CHARACTER.

The trip from Madrid to Seville is one of the most picturesque railway journeys in Europe. The landscape nearly throughout is of a surpassing quiet loveliness. The country teems with olive groves and clusters of orange-trees; thick, rich masses of verdure cover the fields and the hills on the horizon; here and there appear villages of cottages embowered in plantations and orchards: in fact, nature seems to have been lavish in proportion as the inhabitants are lazy. For the inhabitants are genuinely lazy. Few men are to be met with in the fields, and those in the villages and stations seem to do little but loll about, cigarette in mouth, and stare at the train and its passengers. Look at the gentleman with the donkey in our illustration, and the other various types of character at the top of the engraving, sketched at the stations and environs of Argamasilli, Manzanares, and Val-de-Peñas. The water-carrier on the left is a type met with at nearly every station, and a very welcome type he is on a hot, sunny, Andalusian day, after a two hours' ride in a stuffy Spanish railway carriage. So uncomfortable did the artist find his cushioned carriage that at Cordova he determined to change into the third class, where he contrived to get somewhat cooler, and made a sketch of his fellow-travelers. "It is about four o'clock in the afternoon," he writes. "The heat is terrific; nearly every one is asleep, or yawning preparatory to a snooze, while finishing the everlasting cigarette. One of the most picturesque types I saw on the way was the signal woman with her flag, as she came out of her cottage, perfectly imbedded in rich verdure. My sketch will give you an idea of the vegetation to be found here." With a higher order of civilization and intelligence, Spain might be indeed the most bounteous country in Europe.

As for the fruit, the profusion of delicious grapes and oranges in the sketch of a fruit stall will tell its own tale. The luscious display seems to have special attractions for the well-fed priest who stands eying the fruit, and whose rotundity of form and ample cheeks show a hearty appreciation of the good things of this world. These black-robed priests are prominent figures in every Spanish landscape; and one has only to glance at their faces to account for the degradation of the Spanish peasantry, the cause of all the tribulations which have beset the republic since the abdication of Amadeus. The ignorance and superstition of the people in the provinces have made them an easy prey to the arts of designing priests, who have more influence over them than the statesmen at Madrid. If the republic is overthrown, and Don Carlos becomes King of Spain, it will be owing to the lack of educated intelligence among the masses of the people, whom it is the interest and aim of the Romish priesthood to keep ignorant and superstitious.

THE NEWSBOYS' PICNIC.

And now the newsboys have had their share in the pleasant excursions originated and carried out by the New York *Times* for the benefit of the poor children of this city. Their picnic took place on Saturday, August 9, when seventeen hundred of these young newspaper merchants were taken in the barge *Chicago* to Oriental Grove, where they were bountifully entertained, besides having a substantial breakfast on board the barge. It was a pleasant sight, this crowd of eager boys. They were equipped for campaigning, and had left their go-to-meeting suits at home. Most were barefooted, few had jackets, and many were hatless. One child, six years old, with flaxen curls and bright blue eyes, answering to the name of "Hen," had improvised a pair of pants out of the sleeves of an old coat. His mother was dead, and he manfully supported his invalid father. He was too full of the fun before him to endure much "interviewing."

After breakfast the band began to play, and the dancing commenced. Jigs and reels were evidently the favorite dances, and the musicians confined themselves to these, after somewhat failing to rouse enthusiasm by the more stylish waltzes and polkas. In the intervals of dancing the boys gathered in circles, and chorused, with healthy lungs and patriotic energy, *Rally round the Flag*, as also the popular *Champagne Charlie* and *Down in a Coal Mine*. Two or three of the more accomplished exhibited their proficiency in negro minstrelsy. The brigade of waifs was surprisingly amenable to discipline, and peace prevailed as a rule, though an occasional "turn-up" needed the judicial interference of the manager, whose final fiat, delivered with the promptness and directness of an Oriental cadi, happily composed all differences. There were some few very old-fashioned young people, and in one or two instances somewhat mature in years, though they did not look so. These manikins sat in nooks, corners, and on coils of rope by themselves, smoking cigar butts, and regarding the boisterous gambols of their companions with grim contempt stamped on every feature. When asked why they did not take part in the fun, they replied, "I come for rest and good eating; I ain't a-goin' to tire myself hoppin' around with them fellers."

On the arrival at Oriental Grove occurred the lively scene depicted by our artist in the illustration on page 757. Learning that they were to have a swim when they got on the beach, some began to disrobe on board, so as to lose none of the precious minutes allowed them in the grove. When the gangways were rigged and the newsboys properly formed in line, the order to disembark was given, and the line passing to the dock afforded a queer spectacle to the by-standers, who, by-the-way, were all men. There were little urchins ready for their bath, with their clothes in bundles under their arms, taking sandwiches from the steward as they went out, and wrapping them in their caps, depositing the same in some nook under the careful eye of a friend. The next minute they were diving, plunging, and sporting in the cool green sea-water like young dolphins.

We have not space to record the various events of the day, and can only relate an incident which took place on the homeward passage, which illustrates the enterprising spirit which rules these little wanderers of the streets. Having to draw closer in shore on account of the tide-way, the barge passed quite near the foot of Gouverneur Street, 100 or 200 yards distant perhaps. The cry of "Boy overboard!" rang out upon the lower deck, and the row-boat with the man in her astern was at once cut adrift. Looking on the water, three lads were seen striking out for the wharf. Their caps were on their heads, and they seemed to be getting along very comfortably. Just then one of the newsboys said, "Oh, they live near Gouverneur Street, and wanted to get their money, and run down and buy papers; so they jumped overboard." This was found to be literally true. They had actually leaped from the upper deck with their clothes on, and swam ashore without any difficulty.

The picnic, which, like the other excursions, was under the direction of Mr. George F. Williams, of the *Times* staff, was a complete success, and will be long remembered by the newsboys of New York.

ATLANTIC CITY.

Atlantic City is a village and fashionable watering-place of Atlantic County, New Jersey, situated directly on the ocean, at the southeast terminus of the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, and not more than forty miles northeast of Cape May. The beach is safe, the air salubrious, and the temperature always moderate. It is easily reached by railroad from New York or Philadelphia.

The accommodations for summer visitors are ample and pleasant. The place contains a large number of cottages, besides large and elegant hotels. The present season has been a very successful one, despite the attractions of Long Branch, Newport, and Saratoga. It is more quiet than either of these places, and hence possesses a great attraction for families who love a summer at the sea-side more for the sake of the air, the bathing, and the rides than for fashion. It is also a favorite point for excursionists, chiefly Philadelphians, who go down in an early morning train, and, after a rousing day's sport, return in the evening. Hundreds every week avail themselves of this means of recreation and enjoyment. Good shooting abounds in the inlets and on the ocean bars; and one can sail from Cape May to Atlantic City inside the coast. Our artist has caught the true spirit of the Atlantic City beach in the beautiful and attractive illustration on page 764.

CENTAUR LINIMENT

Has cured more wonderful cases of rheumatism, aches, pains, swellings, frost-bites, caked-breasts, burns, scalds, salt-rheum, etc., upon the human frame, and strains, spavin, galls, etc., upon animals in one year than all other pretended remedies have since the world began. The recipe of the Liniment and certificates of remarkable cures accompany each bottle, and will be sent gratis to any one. It is no humbug. There is no pain which it will not relieve, no swelling it will not subdue, or lameness it will not cure. No family or stock-owner can afford to be without Centaur Liniment. White Wrapper for family use; the Yellow Wrapper for animals. Price 50 cents; large bottles, $1 00. J. B. Rose & Co., 53 Broadway, New York.—[*Com.*]

Instead of Bitter use Sweet Quinine.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

RUPTURE.

How Mr. Stuart was Cured of It.

It is about a year ago since Dr. Sherman, of No. 697 Broadway, New York City, placed one of his hernial appliances on me, and gave me his curative compound for a rupture on my right side. I experienced no inconvenience from wearing the appliance, worked right along, and I can now say I am entirely cured, as I have not worn the appliance for several months, and there are no signs or symptoms of rupture. I am a bricklayer by trade, and always accustomed to very active exercise. I hope you will publish this, Mr. Editor, in your paper, for the benefit of those ruptured.

Bloomsbury, Pa., July 1, 1873. ISAAC STUART.

"Should any of our readers be troubled with rupture, we recommend them to consult Dr. Sherman, whose experience and manner of treating the infirmity is the best guarantee of relief and cure. His book on rupture he mails for ten cents. Send for it."—*New York Sun.*

POMEROY'S "Elastic Rupture Belt" is a great improvement over all other "Elastic Trusses," and is, without doubt, the best "Elastic Truss" ever made. The price has been reduced to $3, thus bringing this excellent instrument within the reach of every afflicted person. No one should buy an "*Elastic Truss*" without first sending to POMEROY & CO. for a Circular, or calling personally at their office, No. 744 Broadway, corner of Astor Place, N. Y.

WEBSTER'S PATENT

BUTTON HOLE WORKER

Pat. June 27, 1871. Awarded first premium at the Am. Institute and Md. Institute Fairs, 1871.

Is one of the most important inventions of the age. The most perfect **Button-hole Worker** *ever invented.* So simple that a child can work a more perfect button-hole with it than the most experienced hand can work without it. Local and traveling agents wanted everywhere. They sell at sight, and give over 100 per cent. profit. Sample Button-hole Worker and sample Button-hole Cutter packed in a neat case, with full directions for use, with sample of our new and novel way of canvassing, sent by mail to any address on receipt of 65 cents. Address WEBSTER M'F'G CO., Manufacturers, Ansonia, Ct. Please state in what paper you saw this.

SILVER TIPPED SHOES The names of victories may be erased from our battle flags; but SILVER-TIPPED Shoes will never become obsolete.

CABLE SCREW WIRE Makes the best walking shoe, also the most perfect and pliable; at the same time they wear 25 per cent. longer.

HARRISON, BRADFORD, & CO'S

STEEL PENS.

Special attention called to the well-known numbers,

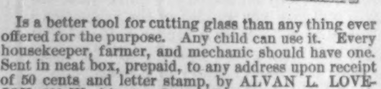
505—75—28—20 & 22.

Factory, Mt. Vernon; Office, 75 John Street, N. Y.

GORHAM'S Silver Linen Marker and Card Press, with case of type, for marking Linen, Cards, Envelopes, Tags, &c. It is beautifully chased and heavily Silver Plated. Put up and sent, all complete for $1.25, prepaid by mail $1.50. Price just reduced.
W. B. Gorham, 143 Washington St., Boston.

THE Greatest Pain Reliever in the World is Dr. Tobias's Venetian Liniment, established over 26 years. Every bottle sold has been warranted to give satisfaction, and not one returned, so the term *humbug* can not be applied to it. It is perfectly innocent to take internally (see oath on the pamphlet); it is warranted to cure, when first taken, Cholera, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Croup, Colic, and Sea Sickness, and, externally, Chronic Rheumatism, Sore Throat, Mumps, Old Sores, Sprains, Bruises, &c. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York.

LOVEJOY'S New Style GLASS CUTTER AND PUTTY KNIFE.



Is a better tool for cutting glass than any thing ever offered for the purpose. Any child can use it. Every housekeeper, farmer, and mechanic should have one. Sent in neat box, prepaid, to any address upon receipt of 50 cents and letter stamp, by ALVAN L. LOVEJOY, 229 Washington Street, Boston.

F. J. KALDENBERG, manufacturer of all kinds of Meerschaum Goods & Amber Work. Repairing, Boiling in Wax & new process, Ambers, &c. Send for Circulars and Price-Lists. Box 91. Store 71 Nassau, cor. John, and 4 & 6 John Street, near Broadway. Newport, No. 5 Travers Block, R. I.

GRANDEST SCHEME EVER KNOWN.

4th Grand Gift Concert

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY OF KENTUCKY.

12,000 CASH GIFTS, $1,500,000.

Every Fifth Ticket Draws a Gift.

$250,000 FOR $50.

The Fourth Grand Gift Concert, authorized by special act of the Legislature, for the benefit of the Public Library of Kentucky, will take place in Public Library Hall, at Louisville, Ky.,

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1873.

Only Sixty thousand tickets will be sold, and one-half of these are intended for the European Market, thus leaving only 30,000 for sale in the United States, where 100,000 were disposed of for the Third Concert. The tickets are divided into ten coupons or parts, and have on their backs the Scheme, with a full explanation of the mode of drawing.

At this Concert, which will be the grandest musical display ever witnessed in this country, the unprecedented sum of

$1,500,000,

divided into 12,000 cash gifts, will be distributed by lot among the ticket-holders. The numbers of the tickets to be drawn from one wheel by blind children, and the gifts from another.

LIST OF GIFTS.

ONE GRAND CASH GIFT		$250,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT		100,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT		50,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT		25,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT		17,500
10 CASH GIFTS	$10,000 each	100,000
30 CASH GIFTS	5,000 each	150,000
50 CASH GIFTS	1,000 each	50,000
80 CASH GIFTS	500 each	40,000
100 CASH GIFTS	400 each	40,000
150 CASH GIFTS	300 each	45,000
250 CASH GIFTS	200 each	50,000
325 CASH GIFTS	100 each	32,500
11,000 CASH GIFTS	50 each	550,000
TOTAL, 12,000 GIFTS, ALL CASH, amounting to		$1,500,000

The distribution will be positive, whether all the tickets are sold or not, and the 12,000 gifts all paid in proportion to the tickets sold—all unsold tickets being destroyed, as at the First and Second Concerts, and not represented in the drawing.

PRICE OF TICKETS:

Whole tickets, $50 00; Halves, $25 00; Tenths, or each coupon, $5; Eleven Whole Tickets for $500 00; 22½ Tickets for $1,000 00; 113 Whole Tickets for $5,000 00; 227 Whole Tickets for $10,000 00. No discount on less than $500 00 worth of Tickets at a time.

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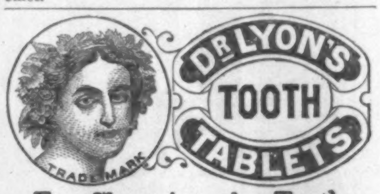

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THE TWELFTH OF AUGUST.

NUMBER TWO.

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Harper's Magazine for September is remarkable for the variety of its contents. The description of General Sherman's tour in Europe and the East is resumed, accompanied by several magnificent illustrations of Constantinople. There is a beautifully-illustrated article on the Protestant Cemetery of Florence, where rest the remains of Mrs. Browning and Theodore Parker. Judge Campbell contributes a brief illustrated sketch of two islands of the Hebrides—Colonsay and Oronsay. Charles Nordhoff concludes his description of the Sandwich Islands, with a comprehensive review, profusely illustrated, of the characteristics of the native population and of the resources of the islands, with special reference to the question of annexation. Another illustrated article describes, in the most entertaining fashion, the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

Moncure D. Conway gives some very interesting reminiscences of the late John Stuart Mill. The Rev. W. H. Milburn, the "Blind Preacher," contributes a narrative of his experiences with oculists, including a very characteristic sketch of the remarkable career of Albrecht von Graefe. R. H. Stoddard tells the story of the twenty years' imprisonment of Leonora Christina in the Blue Tower of Copenhagen; a portrait of the Princess is given, also a view of the Tower. James Grant Wilson contributes a pleasant account of grouse-hunting in the Yorkshire moors; Hamilton Busbey a spirited review of the trotting turf in America; and Emilio Castelar another of his papers on the Republican Movement in Europe.

The Poetry of the Number is contributed by Alfred H. Louis, William C. Richards, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Richard Realf, Elizabeth Akers Allen, and Carl Spencer.

The Number contains stories by Rose Terry, C. P. Cranch, and Constance F. Woolson; and Charles Reade's serial story is continued.

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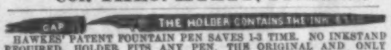

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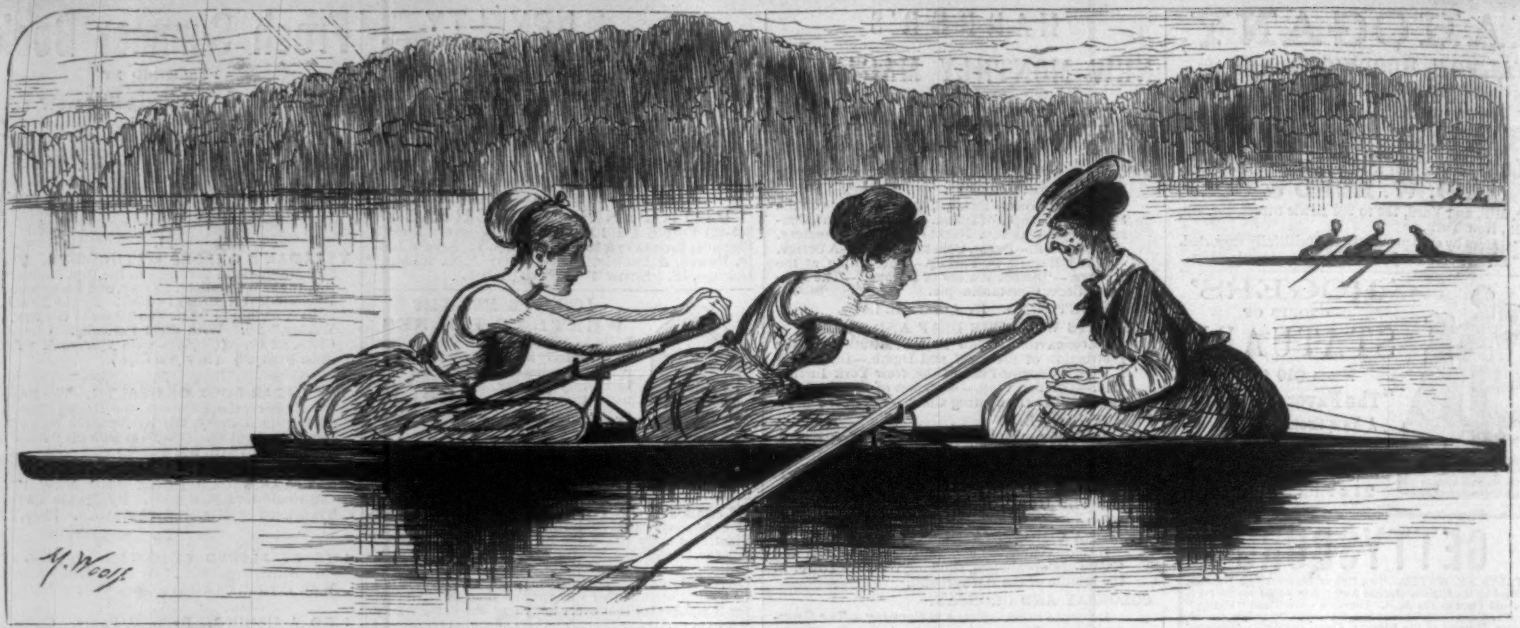

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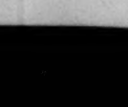

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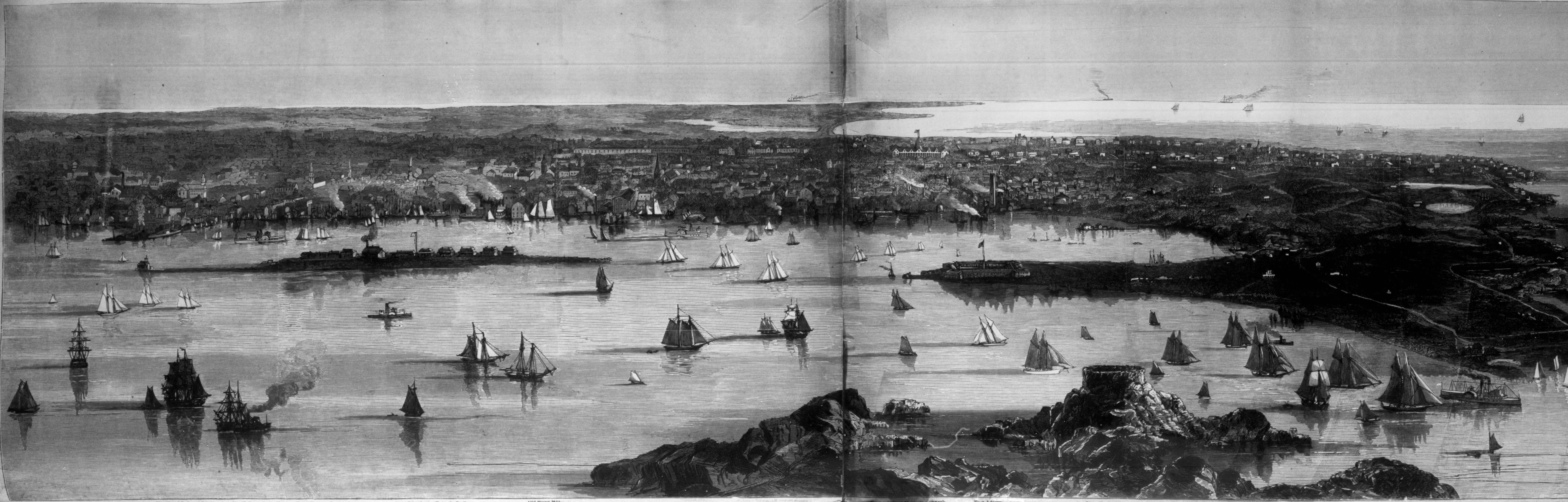

NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND. [From Sk… …o. R. Davis and Photographs by J. A. Williams.]

NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND. [FROM SK... ...O. R. DAVIS AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. A. WILLIAMS.]

NEWPORT.

NEWPORT, the oldest and most picturesque watering-place in this country, is situated at the southern extremity of an island in Narraganset Bay, known in old Indian times as the island of Aquidneck. It is the largest of a cluster of islands, is fifteen miles long, and about three and a half in breadth. The first white settlement on its shores was made about 235 years ago, by the venerable JOHN CLARK and a little band of persecuted brethren seeking an asylum from the religious intolerance of Massachusetts. ROGER WILLIAMS, whom they first visited at Providence, directed their attention to the waters of Narraganset Bay, and advised them to take up their abode on its shores. He also offered his services in procuring them a settlement; and through his influence with the two great and powerful sachems of Narraganset, CANONICUS and MIANTONOMOH, a deed of Aquidneck and other islands of the bay was procured in the name of Mr. CODDINGTON and friends in March, 1638. The original charter of this colony was brief and unique, and shows the earnest religious character of the founders. It was as follows:

> "We, whose names are underwritten, do solemnly swear in the presence of the Great Jehovah to incorporate ourselves into a body politic; and as He shall help us, will submit our persons, lives, and estates unto the Lord Jesus Christ, the King of kings and Lord of lords, and to all those most perfect laws of His, given us in His most Holy Word of Truth, to be guided and judged thereby."

The first settlement on the island was commenced at the northern extremity, where a town, called at first Pocasset, and subsequently Portsmouth, was regularly laid out. The rapid increase of population during the summer rendered it advisable to begin a settlement on some other part of the island, and accordingly the next spring Mr. CLARK with several others removed to the southern point, and there laid out a town which they called Newport. The name of the island itself was subsequently changed by the General Court to Rhode Island, and its Indian name went out of use. The first dwelling-house built in Newport was erected by NICHOLAS EASTON, all prior habitations having been temporary tents or wigwams. Both towns were united under the same patriarchal form of government, of which Mr. WILLIAM CODDINGTON was chosen magistrate or judge. In 1784 Newport was incorporated as a city; but after a trial of three years, the old form of town government was resumed.

The magnificent situation of Newport on the shores of a commodious harbor created in the minds of its early founders visions of future greatness. They expected it to become the metropolis of the country, and for many years its prosperity seemed to justify this expectation. But the reverses it suffered during the Revolutionary war put an end to these dreams, and it was not until about 1830 that its prosperity began to revive. About that time it became known as a pleasant watering-place. Families from the Southern States, attracted by its genial climate, began to visit here during the summer, living entirely in boarding-houses. There were three at that time: one known then as the "Jew's House," kept by CHARLES WHITFIELD, a lame man; the Bellevue House, which was the old BRINDLEY mansion; and "Potter's," occupied mainly by the Friends at Yearly Meeting time. The first Ocean House was built about 1832, but was destroyed by fire in 1841, and rebuilt on the same site during that year. At this time the city occupied only a few streets near the water front, and cottages had not been thought of. The first sale of real estate was made about that year to an Englishman named ROBERT JOHNSON, who bought about twenty acres of the Easton Farm, situated between the Bath Road and Narraganset Avenue. He did not build, but occupied a building already on the land. About the same time ALFRED SMITH, who has become very prominent in the advancement of the city's interests, induced a Mr. SEARS to buy twenty-two and a half acres of the same farm for $10,000. Within the past year one-quarter of that purchase has been sold for $88,000. WILLIAM BEACH LAWRENCE, of New York, also bought about that time sixty acres at Ochre Point for $12,000, which is now worth half a million.

It was not until 1851, however, that Newport became a really popular and fashionable watering-place. Up to that time most of the cottages had been erected in the vicinity of the Bath Road and toward the south from that neighborhood. In that year the Bailey Farm, below the Ocean House, was sold for $22,000, and in the following year Bellevue Avenue was opened as far as "Bailey's Beach." Then, as the rush came, cottages were put up right and left along Bellevue Avenue. The city began to wake up to its growing importance, and was induced to lend its help toward needed improvements. GEORGE BANCROFT built there; DANIEL PARISH, LINDLEY MURRAY HOFFMAN, JAMES PHALEN, and EDWARD CURTIS, of New York, General GEORGE CADWALLADER, of Philadelphia, and JAMES T. RHODES, of Providence, built about the same time.

As the celebrity of the place increased a great impetus was given to building summer residences. The simple style observed in the earlier cottages was exchanged for ornate styles of architecture. Swiss chalets, French villas, and English cottages sprang up as by magic; and probably in no other place in America has there been such lavish expenditure of money in the search for comfort and luxury. With all the transfers of property, there has been very little speculation, most of the land having gone to *bona fide* purchasers, who have built and settled upon it. The rise in the value of land has been constant and rapid. The Bailey Farm of 140 acres was sold in 1851 for $22,000, or a little over $150 per acre. The first sales from this land were made at the rate of $500 per acre: a few weeks since several acres of it were sold for $9000 per acre. Other recent sales indicate still higher rates of increase in the valuation of eligible sites for cottages.

The favorite localities for building were, until within a few years, in the vicinity of Bellevue Avenue and along the Bath Road; but recently a tract of land further to the south, known as the Gibbes Farm, has come into the market, and is being rapidly bought up and covered with handsome cottages. Within the past year thirty-five new cottages have been projected, and some of them finished, representing an investment, including enlargements and improvements to others, of about $700,000. Some of the Newport cottages are rented every summer at rents varying from $3000 up to $8000 for the season, $5000 being about the average. In a different way from what they imagined, the dreams of the old Newport settlers have thus partly come true. Though partially eclipsed by Long Branch, Newport is still the metropolis of summer resorts. Its picturesque situation, delightful climate, and the charm of shady groves, in which its latest rival is still lacking, must for many years to come give it the preference with those who value these advantages above the attractions of a purely fashionable resort.

Our picture gives a bird's-eye or panoramic view of this beautiful watering-place, and shows its varied attractions to great advantage. The sketch was taken from a point near the "Dumplings," the picturesque mass of rock which looms up in the foreground, crowned by the ruins of an old Martello tower. Just beyond is seen Fort Adams, with its extended lines of earthworks. To the left is Torpedo Island, formerly Goat Island, where experiments with submarine torpedoes are carried on under the supervision of United States naval officers. Still further to the left is the well-known Long Wharf, or steamboat landing. The entrance to the harbor is shown on the right of the picture, and extending beyond it are seen the picturesque indentations of the seaward shores. The town proper lies in the middle distance, and just beyond it rise the cliffs, with their long lines of elegant cottages facing the sea. Still beyond these stretch the two beaches which form the bathing-grounds, and which open directly upon the sea. The high tower nearly in the centre of the picture is that of the Ocean House, from the top of which may be obtained a magnificent panoramic view of the town and its picturesque surroundings. It is hardly possible to imagine a more beautiful or more attractive view.

No visitor should leave Newport without seeing the celebrated old Stone Tower, about which antiquarians have raised such a dust of controversy. Unfortunately it is too small an object to appear distinctly in our picture, but its locality is marked. It stands in Touro Square, just to the left of the Atlantic Hotel. The structure consists of a circular wall of great strength, built upon arches which spring from eight round and massive pillars. These bear evidence of having once been covered with a thick coating of cement, portions of which still remain. These pillars are composed of flat, irregularly shaped stones, laid in cement as hard as the stones themselves. No capitals crown the pillars, and they are referable to no order of architecture, yet considerable skill was shown in their structure. Above them the arches are well turned. Not a stone appears to have crumbled or decayed, and the enormous weight resting on them has never forced them a hair's-breadth from their original position. The top of each of the eight pillars projects considerably beyond the lower edge of the wall of the tower which they support, and their bases rest on larger stones. The tower is open on all sides between the pillars, and is roofless. Three openings, which may have been windows, are seen on the north, west, and south portions of the tower wall. In the eastern part, just above the arches, is a recess which may have been used as a fire-place, as a chimney ascends in the interior of the wall. There are also cavities in which rafters probably rested in by-gone ages. One blackened beam still stretches from wall to wall; with this exception, the interior of the structure is entirely bare. The circumference of this remarkable ruin is exactly eighty-one feet; the pillars are three feet in circumference and about ten feet high. The tower itself rises twenty feet above the pillars, making the entire elevation about thirty feet.

By the inhabitants of Newport this singular structure is known as "The Old Stone Mill." For years antiquarians and historians have disputed as to its probable origin, and the question still remains undecided. A citizen of Newport, who died some years ago at the reputed age of one hundred and six years, declared that in his boyhood the mystery was as great as it is at present. Mr. GEORGE C. MASON, in his sketches of *Newport and its Environs*, says of it:

"It has been conjectured by many that this building must have been the work of the Northmen when settled in America, and taken by some to be proof irrefragable that here is to be sought the famous Vineland discovered by BIORN and his companions, and visited afterward by adventurers from Iceland many centuries before the voyage of VERROZANO and the discoveries by the CABOTS. More recent and authentic inquiries, and particularly the recovery of the will of Governor BENEDICT ARNOLD, executed in 1677, have determined the character of the structure, which was no doubt erected as a mill for grinding Indian corn and other grain soon after the settlement of the colony in 1639. This mill, built in the style then common in England, was placed upon land either originally allotted to, or which soon came into possession of, the family of ARNOLD, and is formed of the same material which is used in the stone walls which now inclose and divide Rhode Island proper, and that, at its discovery and settlement, was loosely strewn over a greater part of its surface."

Professor RAFN, on the contrary, in the *Mémoires de la Société Royale des Antiquaires du Nord* for 1838–39, declares for its great antiquity, and expresses his belief that it was erected at a period not later than the twelfth century. For our part, notwithstanding the sarcastic remarks of COOPER, who believed it to be undeniably a mill, we are inclined to side with Professor RAFN. LONGFELLOW was content with this authority, and one of his most beautiful poems, *The Skeleton in Armor*, connects the tower with a romantic Scandinavian legend. The Viking hero's reply to the poet's apostrophe gives what all imaginative people should be willing to accept as the true theory of the origin of the tower. The Viking, our readers will remember, had run away with a king's daughter, and boldly set sail toward the west:

> "As with his wings aslant,
> Sails the fierce cormorant,
> Seeking some rocky haunt,
> With his prey laden,
> So toward the open main,
> Beating to sea again,
> Through the wild hurricane,
> Bore I the maiden.
>
> "Three weeks we westward bore,
> And when the storm was o'er,
> Cloud-like we saw the shore
> Stretching to leeward;
> *There, for my lady's bower,*
> *Built I this lofty tower,*
> *Which, to this very hour,*
> *Stands looking seaward!*
>
> "There lived we many years:
> Time dried the maiden's tears;
> She had forgot her fears;
> She was a mother!
> Death closed her mild blue eyes;
> *Under that tower she lies!*
> Ne'er shall the sun arise
> On such another!"

The vicinity of Newport abounds in picturesque and romantic scenery, and is the favorite resort of many of our most eminent artists. The genial KENSETT found there the inspiration for many of his most beautiful pictures. One of the most celebrated spots is one which bears the unromantic name of "Purgatory," a wild narrow chasm or cleft in the solid wall of a seaward cliff. Standing on the edge of this chasm, the spectator gazes down to a strip of dark water forty feet below. The sides are dark, smooth, and nearly perpendicular, the chasm, about twelve feet wide at the top, gradually narrowing toward the base. A stone thrown into the rift rebounds from side to side with a hollow sound, and then sullenly plunges into the dark and fathomless waters beneath. Just outside the chasm the blue waves are ever dashing and tossing; within, the waters subside into a smoothness and silence which excite a strange sense of awe and mystery. Viewed from the sea, much of the romance of the place is lost. Many legends are connected with the chasm, and in one of them, appropriately enough, considering the name, his Satanic Majesty plays a prominent part.

Of the other localities about Newport—of its beautiful drives, shady groves, and attractive beaches—we have not space to speak in detail, nor can we describe many interesting features of the town itself, with its narrow winding streets, hardly wider than lanes, its churches, public buildings, and Revolutionary relics. We must content ourselves with only a passing reference to "Paradise," a long and beautiful grove of sycamore-trees skirting the foot of a rocky hill, and to "Hanging Rock," one of the great features of Sachuest Bay, which BERKELEY made his out-door sanctum, and where he is supposed to have written the greater part of his *Minute Philosopher*. His house is still standing near the beach at this place, about three miles from the State-House in Newport, a little to the northward of what is called the Green End Road. For a full account of these and other interesting localities and objects in and around Newport our readers are referred to the *Hand-Book of Newport and Rhode Island*, published by Mr. C. E. HAMMETT, of Newport, to which we are indebted for some of the material for this account of one of the most attractive watering-places in America.

(Continued from No. 868, page 731.)

THE PARISIANS.

By EDWARD BULWER (LORD LYTTON).

AUTHOR OF "PELHAM," "THE CAXTONS," "THE LAST OF THE BARONS," "MY NOVEL," "THE COMING RACE," ETC., ETC.

BOOK NINTH.

CHAPTER I.

ON waking some morning, have you ever felt, reader, as if a change for the brighter in the world, without and within you, had suddenly come to pass—some new glory has been given to the sunshine, some fresh balm to the air—you feel younger and happier and lighter in the very beat of your heart—you almost fancy you hear the chime of some spiritual music far off, as if in the deeps of heaven? You are not at first conscious how, or wherefore, this change has been brought about. Is it the effect of a dream in the gone sleep that has made this morning so different from mornings that have dawned before? And while vaguely asking yourself that question you become aware that the cause is no mere illusion, that it has its substance in words spoken by living lips, in things that belong to the work-day world.

It was thus that Isaura woke the morning after the conversation with Alain de Rochebriant, and as certain words, then spoken, echoed back on her ear, she knew why she was so happy, why the world was so changed.

In those words she heard the voice of Graham Vane—no, she had not deceived herself—she was loved! she was loved! What mattered that long cold interval of absence? She had not forgotten—she could not believe that absence had brought forgetfulness. There are moments when we insist on judging another's heart by our own. All would be explained some day—all would come right.

How lovely was the face that reflected itself in the glass as she stood before it smoothing back her long hair, murmuring sweet snatches of Italian love-song, and blushing with sweeter love-thoughts as she sang! All that had passed in that year so critical to her outer life—the authorship, the fame, the public career, the popular praise—vanished from her mind as a vapor that rolls from the face of a lake to which the sunlight restores the smile of a brightened heaven.

She was more the girl now than she had ever been since the day on which she sat reading Tasso on the craggy shore of Sorrento.

Singing still as she passed from her chamber, and entering the sitting-room, which fronted the east, and seemed bathed in the sunbeams of deepening May, she took her bird from its cage, and stopped her song to cover it with kisses, which perhaps yearned for vent somewhere.

Later in the day she went out to visit Valérie. Recalling the altered manner of her young friend, her sweet nature became troubled. She divined that Valérie had conceived some jealous pain, which she longed to heal; she could not bear the thought of leaving any one that day unhappy. Ignorant before of the girl's feelings toward Alain, she now partly guessed them—one woman who loves in secret is clairvoyante as to such secrets in another.

Valérie received her visitor with a coldness she did not attempt to disguise. Not seeming to notice this, Isaura commenced the conversation with frank mention of Rochebriant. "I have to thank you so much, dear Valérie, for a pleasure you could not anticipate—that of talking about an absent friend, and hearing the praise he deserved from one so capable of appreciating excellence as M. de Rochebriant appears to be."

"You were talking to M. de Rochebriant of an absent friend—ah! you seemed indeed very much interested in the conversation—"

"Do not wonder at that, Valérie; and do not grudge me the happiest moments I have known for months."

"In talking with M. de Rochebriant! No doubt, Mademoiselle Cicogna, you found him very charming."

To her surprise and indignation, Valérie here felt the arm of Isaura tenderly entwining her waist, and her face drawn toward Isaura's sisterly kiss.

"Listen to me, naughty child—listen and believe. M. de Rochebriant can never be charming to me—never touch a chord in my heart or my fancy, except as friend to another, or—kiss me in your turn, Valérie—as suitor to yourself."

Valérie here drew back her pretty child-like head, gazed keenly a moment into Isaura's eyes, felt convinced by the limpid candor of their unmistakable honesty, and flinging herself on her friend's bosom, kissed her passionately, and burst into tears.

The complete reconciliation between the two girls was thus peacefully effected; and then Isaura had to listen, at no small length, to the confidences poured into her ears by Valérie, who was fortunately too engrossed by her own hopes and doubts to exact confidences in return. Valérie's was one of those impulsive, eager natures that long for a confidante. Not so Isaura's. Only when Valérie had unburdened her heart, and been soothed and caressed into happy trust in the future, did she recall Isaura's explanatory words, and said, archly, "And your absent friend? Tell me about him. Is he as handsome as Alain?"

"Nay," said Isaura, rising to take up the mantle and hat she had laid aside on entering, "they say that the color of a flower is in our vision, not in the leaves." Then, with a grave melancholy in the look she fixed upon Valérie, she added: "Rather than distrust of me should occasion you pain, I have pained myself in making clear to you the reason why I felt interest in M. de Rochebriant's conversation. In turn, I ask of you a favor—do not on this point question me farther. There are some things in our past which influence the present, but to which we dare not assign a future—on which we can not talk to another. What soothsayer can tell us if the dream of a yesterday will be renewed on the night of a morrow? All is said—we trust one another, dearest."

CHAPTER II.

THAT evening the Morleys looked in at Isaura's on their way to a crowded assembly at the house of one of those rich Americans who were then outvying the English residents at Paris in the good graces of Parisian society. I think the Americans get on better with the French than the English do—I mean the higher class of Americans. They spend more money; their men speak French better; the women are better dressed, and, as a general rule, have read more largely, and converse more frankly.

Mrs. Morley's affection for Isaura had increased during the last few months. As so notable an advocate of the ascendency of her sex, she felt a sort of grateful pride in the accomplishments and growing renown of so youthful a member of the oppressed sisterhood. But, apart from that sentiment, she had conceived a tender mother-like interest for the girl who stood in the world so utterly devoid of family ties, so destitute of that household guardianship and protection which, with all her assertion of the strength and dignity of woman, and all her opinions as to woman's right of absolute emancipation from the conventions fabricated by the selfishness of man, Mrs. Morley was too sensible not to value for the individual, though she deemed it not needed for the mass. Her great desire was that Isaura should marry well, and soon. American women usually marry so young that it seemed to Mrs. Morley an anomaly in social life that one so gifted in mind and person as Isaura should already have passed the age in which the belles of the great Republic are enthroned as wives and consecrated as mothers.

We have seen that, in the past year she had selected from our unworthy but necessary sex Graham Vane as a suitable spouse to her young friend. She had divined the state of his heart—she had more than suspicions of the state of Isaura's. She was exceedingly perplexed and exceedingly chafed at the Englishman's strange disregard to his happiness and her own projects. She had counted, all this past winter, on his return to Paris; and she became convinced that some misunderstanding, possibly some lovers' quarrel, was the cause of his protracted absence, and a cause that, if ascertained, could be removed. A good opportunity now presented itself—Colonel Morley was going to London the next day. He had business there which would detain him at least a week. He would see Graham; and as she considered her husband the shrewdest and wisest person in the world—I mean of the male sex—she had no doubt of his being able to turn Graham's mind thoroughly inside out, and ascertain his exact feelings, views, and intentions. If the Englishman, thus assayed, were found of base metal, then, at least, Mrs. Morley would be free to cast him altogether aside, and coin for the uses of the matrimonial market some nobler effigy in purer gold.

"My dear child," said Mrs. Morley, in low voice, nestling herself close to Isaura, while the Colonel, duly instructed, drew off the Venosta, "have you heard any thing lately of our pleasant friend Mr. Vane?"

You can guess with what artful design Mrs. Morley put that question point-blank, fixing keen eyes on Isaura while she put it. She saw the heightened color, the quivering lip, of the girl thus abruptly appealed to, and she said, inly, "I was right—she loves him!"

"I heard of Mr. Vane last night—accidentally."

"Is he coming to Paris soon?"

"Not that I know of. How charmingly that wreath becomes you! It suits the ear-rings so well too."

"Frank chose it; he has good taste for a man. I trust him with my commissions to Hunt and Roskell's, but I limit him as to price, he is so extravagant—men are, when they make presents. They seem to think we value things according to their cost. They would gorge us with jewels, and let us starve for want of a smile. Not that Frank is so bad as the rest of them. But *à propos* of Mr. Vane—Frank will be sure to see him, and scold him well for deserting us all. I should not be surprised if he brought the deserter back with him, for I send a little note by Frank, inviting him to pay us a visit. We have spare rooms in our apartment."

Isaura's heart heaved beneath her robe, but she replied in a tone of astonishing indifference: "I believe this is the height of the London season, and Mr. Vane would probably be too engaged to profit even by an invitation so tempting."

"*Nous verrons.* How pleased he will be to hear of your triumph! He admired you so much before you were famous—what will be his admiration now! Men are so vain—they care for us so much more when people praise us. But, till we have put the features in their proper place, we must take them for what they are."

Here the Venosta, whom the poor Colonel had exhausted all the arts at his command for chaining her attention, could be no longer withheld from approaching Mrs. Morley, and venting her admiration of that lady's wreath, ear-rings, robes, flounces. This dazzling apparition had on her the effect which a candle has on a moth—she fluttered round it, and longed to absorb herself in its blaze. But the wreath especially fascinated her—a wreath which no prudent lady with coloring less pure, and features less exquisitely delicate than the pretty champion of the rights of woman, could have fancied on her own brows without a shudder. But the Venosta in such matters was not prudent. "It can't be, dear," she cried, piteously, extending her arms toward Isaura. "I must have one exactly like. Who made it? *Cara signora*, give me the address."

"Ask the Colonel, dear madame; he chose and brought it;" and Mrs. Morley glanced significantly at her well-tutored Frank.

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"I fear it is time to go," said Frank, glancing at the clock.

In theory the most rebellious, in practice the most obedient of wives, Mrs. Morley here kissed Isaura, resettled her crinoline, and shaking hands with the Venosta, retreated to the door.

"I shall have the wreath yet," cried the Venosta, impishly. "*La speranza è femmina*" (hope is female).

"Alas!" said Isaura, half mournfully, half smiling—"alas! do you not remember what the poet replied when asked what disease was most mortal?—'the hectic fever caught from the chill of hope.'"

CHAPTER III.

GRAHAM VANE was musing very gloomily in his solitary apartment one morning, when his servant announced Colonel Morley.

He received his visitor with more than the cordiality with which every English politician receives an American citizen. Graham liked the Colonel too well for what he was in himself to need any national title to his esteem. After some preliminary questions and answers as to the health of Mrs. Morley, the length of the Colonel's stay in London, what day he could dine with Graham at Richmond or Gravesend, the Colonel took up the ball. "We have been reckoning to see you at Paris, Sir, for the last six months."

"I am very much flattered to hear that you have thought of me at all; but I am not aware of having warranted the expectation you so kindly express."

"I guess you must have said something to my wife which led her to do more than expect—to reckon on your return. And, by-the-way, Sir, I am charged to deliver to you this note from her, and to back the request it contains that you will avail yourself of the offer. Without summarizing the points, I do so."

Graham glanced over the note addressed to him:

"DEAR MR. VANE,—Do you forget how beautiful the environs of Paris are in May and June? how charming it was last year at the lake of Enghien? how gay were our little dinners out-of-doors in the garden arbors, with the Savarins and the fair Italian, and her incomparably amusing chaperon? Frank has my orders to bring you back to renew those happy days, while the birds are in their first song, and the leaves are in their youngest green. I have prepared your rooms *chez nous*—a chamber that looks out on the Champs Elysées, and a quiet *cabinet de travail* at the back, in which you can read, write, or sulk undisturbed. Come, and we will again visit Enghien and Montmorency. Don't talk of engagements. If man proposes, woman disposes. Hesitate not—obey. Your sincere little friend, LIZZY."

"My dear Morley," said Graham, with emotion, "I can not find words to thank your wife sufficiently for an invitation so graciously conveyed. Alas! I can not accept it."

"Why?" asked the Colonel, dryly.

"I have too much to do in London."

"Is that the true reason, or am I to suspicion that there is any thing, Sir, which makes you dislike a visit to Paris?"

The Americans enjoy the reputation of being the frankest putters of questions whom liberty of speech has yet educated into *les recherches de la vérité*, and certainly Colonel Morley in this instance did not impair the national reputation.

Graham Vane's brow slightly contracted, and he bit his lip as if stung by a sudden pang; but after a moment's pause he answered, with a good-humored smile,

"No man who has taste enough to admire the most beautiful city, and appreciate the charms of the most brilliant society in the world, can dislike Paris."

"My dear Sir, I did not ask if you disliked Paris, but if there were any thing that made you dislike coming back to it on a visit."

"What a notion! and what a cross-examiner you would have made if you had been called to the bar! Surely, my dear friend, you can understand that when a man has in one place business which he can not neglect, he may decline going to another place, whatever pleasure it would give him to do so. By-the-way, there is a great ball at one of the Ministers' to-night; you should go there, and I will point out to you all those English notabilities in whom Americans naturally take interest. I will call for you at eleven o'clock. Lord ——, who is a connection of mine, would be charmed to know you."

Morley hesitated; but when Graham said, "How your wife will scold you if you lose such an opportunity of telling her whether the Duchess of M—— is as beautiful as report says, and whether Gladstone or Disraeli seems to your phrenological science to have the finer head!" the Colonel gave in, and it was settled that Graham should call for him at the Langham Hotel.

That matter arranged, Graham probably hoped that his inquisitive visitor would take leave for the present, but the Colonel evinced no such intention. On the contrary, settling himself more at ease in his arm-chair, he said, "If I remember aright, you do not object to the odor of tobacco?"

Graham rose and presented to his visitor a cigar-box which he took from the mantel-piece.

The Colonel shook his head, and withdrew from his breast pocket a leather case, from which he extracted a gigantic regalia; this he lighted from a gold match-box in the shape of a locket attached to his watch-chain, and took two or three preliminary puffs, with his head thrown back and his eyes meditatively intent upon the ceiling.

We know already that strange whim of the Colonel's (than whom, if he pleased, no man could speak purer English as spoken by the Britisher) to assert the dignity of the American citizen by copious use of expressions and phrases familiar to the lips of the governing class of the great Republic—delicacies of speech which he would have carefully shunned in the polite circles of the Fifth Avenue, in New York. Now the Colonel was much too experienced a man of the world not to be aware that the commission with which his Lizzy had charged him was an exceedingly delicate one; and it occurred to his mother-wit that the best way to acquit himself of it, so as to avoid the risk of giving or of receiving serious affront, would be to push that whim of his into more than wonted exaggeration. Thus he could more decidedly and briefly come to the point; and should he, in doing so, appear too meddlesome, rather provoke a laugh than a frown—retiring from the ground with the honors due to a humorist. Accordingly, in his deepest nasal intonation, and withdrawing his eyes from the ceiling, he began:

"You have not asked, Sir, after the signorina, or, as we popularly call her, Mademoiselle Cicogna?"

"Have I not? I hope she is quite well, and her lively companion, Signora Venosta."

"They are not sick, Sir; or at least were not so last night when my wife and I had the pleasure to see them. Of course you have read Mademoiselle Cicogna's book—a bright performance, Sir, age considered."

"Certainly, I have read the book; it is full of unquestionable genius. Is Mademoiselle writing another? But of course she is."

"I am not aware of the fact, Sir. It may be predicated; such a mind can not remain inactive; and I know from M. Savarin and that rising young man Gustave Rameau, that the publishers bid high for her brains considerable. Two translations have already appeared in our country. Her fame, Sir, will be world-wide. She may be another George Sand, or at least another Eulalie Grantmesnil."

Graham's cheek became as white as the paper I write on. He inclined his head as in assent, but without a word. The Colonel continued:

"We ought to be very proud of her acquaintance, Sir. I think you detected her gifts while they were yet unconjectured. My wife says so. You must be gratified to remember that, Sir—clear grit, Sir, and no mistake."

"I certainly more than once have said to Mrs. Morley that I esteemed Mademoiselle's powers so highly that I hoped she would never become a stage singer and actress. But this M. Rameau? You say he is a rising man. It struck me when at Paris that he was one of those charlatans, with a great deal of conceit and very little information, who are always found in scores on the ultra-Liberal side of politics; possibly I was mistaken."

"He is the responsible editor of *Le Sens Commun*, in which talented periodical Mademoiselle Cicogna's book was first raised."

"Of course I know that; a journal which, so far as I have looked into its political or social articles, certainly written by a cleverer and an older man than M. Rameau, is for unsettling all things and settling nothing. We have writers of that kind among ourselves—I have no sympathy with them. To me it seems that when a man says, 'Off with your head,' he ought to let us know what other head he would put on our shoulders, and by what process the change of heads shall be effected. Honestly speaking, if you and your charming wife are intimate friends and admirers of Mademoiselle Cicogna, I think you could not do her a greater service than that of detaching her from all connection with men like M. Rameau, and journals like *Le Sens Commun*."

The Colonel here withdrew his cigar from his lips, lowered his head to a level with Graham's, and relaxing into an arch, significant smile, said: "Start to Paris, and dissuade her yourself. Start—go ahead—don't be shy—don't see-saw on the beam of speculation. You will have more influence with that young female than we can boast."

Never was England in greater danger of quarrel with America than at that moment; but Graham curbed his first wrathful impulse, and replied, coldly,

"It seems to me, Colonel, that you, though very unconsciously, derogate from the respect due to Mademoiselle Cicogna. That the counsel of a married couple like yourself and Mrs. Morley should be freely given to and duly heeded by a girl deprived of her natural advisers in parents is a reasonable and honorable supposition; but to imply that the most influential adviser of a young lady so situated is a young single man, in no way related to her, appears to me a dereliction of that regard to the dignity of her sex which is the chivalrous characteristic of your countrymen—and to Mademoiselle Cicogna herself, a surmise which she would be justified in resenting as an impertinence."

"I deny both allegations," replied the Colonel, serenely. "I maintain that a single man whips all connubial creation when it comes to gallantizing a single young woman; and that no young lady would be justified in resenting as impertinence my friendly suggestion to the single man so deserving of her consideration as I estimate you to be to solicit the right to advise her for life. And that's a caution."

Here the Colonel resumed his regalia, and again gazed intent on the ceiling.

"Advise her for life! You mean, I presume, as a candidate for her hand."

"You don't Turkey now. Well, I guess you are not wide of the mark there, Sir."

"You do me infinite honor, but I do not presume so far."

"So, so—not as yet. Before a man who is not without gumption runs himself for Congress he likes to calculate how the votes will run. Well, Sir, suppose we are in caucus, and let us discuss the chances of the election with closed doors."

Graham could not help smiling at the persistent officiousness of his visitor, but his smile was a very sad one.

"Pray change the subject, my dear Colonel Morley—it is not a pleasant one to me; and as regards Mademoiselle Cicogna, can you think it would not shock her to suppose that her name was dragged into the discussions you would provoke, even with closed doors?"

"Sir," replied the Colonel, imperturbably, "since the doors are closed, there is no one, unless it be a spirit-listener under the table, who can wire to Mademoiselle Cicogna the substance of debate. And, for my part, I do not believe in spiritual manifestations. Fact is that I have the most amicable sentiments toward both parties, and if there is a misunderstanding which is opposed to the union of the States, I wish to remove it while yet in time. Now let us suppose that you decline to be a candidate; there are plenty of others who will run; and as an elector must choose one representative or other, so a gal must choose one husband or other. And then you only repent when it is too late. It is a great thing to be first in the field. Let us approximate to the point; the chances seem good. Will you run? Yes or No?"

"I repeat, Colonel Morley, that I entertain no such presumption."

The Colonel here, rising, extended his hand, which Graham shook with constrained cordiality, and then leisurely walked to the door; there he paused, as if struck by a new thought, and said, gravely, in his natural tone of voice, "You have nothing to say, Sir, against the young lady's character and honor?"

"I!—Heavens, no! Colonel Morley, such a question insults me."

The Colonel resumed his deepest nasal bass: "It is only, then, because you don't fancy her now so much as you did last year—fact, you are soured on her and fly off the handle. Such things do happen. The same thing has happened to myself, Sir. In my days of celibacy there was a gal at Saratoga whom I gallantized, and whom, while I was at Saratoga, I thought Heaven had made to be Mrs. Morley. I was on the very point of telling her so, when I was suddenly called off to Philadelphia; and at Philadelphia, Sir, I found that Heaven had made another Mrs. Morley. I state this fact, Sir, though I seldom talk of my own affairs, even when willing to tender my advice in the affairs of another, in order to prove that I do not intend to censure you if Heaven has served you in the same manner. Sir, a man may go blind for one gal when he is not yet dry behind the ears, and then, when his eyes are skinned, go in for one better. All things mortal meet with a change, as my sister's little boy said when, at the age of eight, he quitted the Methodies and turned Shaker. Threep and argue as we may, you and I are both mortals—more's the pity. Good-morning, Sir" (glancing at the clock, which proclaimed the hour of 3 P.M.)—"I err—good-evening."

By the post that day the Colonel transmitted a condensed and laconic report of his conversation with Graham Vane. I can state its substance in yet fewer words. He wrote word that Graham positively declined the invitation to Paris; that he had then, agreeably to Lizzy's instructions, ventilated the Englishman, in the most delicate terms, as to his intentions with regard to Isaura, and that no intentions at all existed. The sooner all thoughts of him were relinquished, and a new suitor on the ground, the better it would be for the young lady's happiness in the only state in which happiness should be, if not found, at least sought, whether by maid or man.

Mrs. Morley was extremely put out by this untoward result of the diplomacy she had intrusted to the Colonel; and when, the next day, came a very courteous letter from Graham, thanking her gratefully for the kindness of her invitation, and expressing his regret, briefly though cordially, at his inability to profit by it, without the most distant allusion to the subject which the Colonel had brought on the *tapis*, or even requesting his compliments to the Signoras Venosta and Cicogna, she was more than put out, more than resentful—she was deeply grieved. Being, however, one of those gallant heroes of womankind who do not give in at the first defeat, she began to doubt whether Frank had not rather overstrained the delicacy which he said he had put into his "soundings." He ought to have been more explicit. Meanwhile she resolved to call on Isaura, and, without mentioning Graham's refusal of her invitation, endeavor to ascertain whether the attachment which she felt persuaded the girl secretly cherished for this recalcitrant Englishman were something more than the first romantic fancy—whether it were sufficiently deep to justify farther effort on Mrs. Morley's part to bring it to a prosperous issue.

She found Isaura at home and alone; and, to do her justice, she exhibited wonderful tact in the fulfillment of the task she had set herself. Forming her judgment by manner and look—not words—she returned home convinced that she ought to seize the opportunity afforded to her by Graham's letter. It was one to which she might very naturally reply, and in that reply she might convey the object at her heart more felicitously than the Colonel had done. "The cleverest man is," she said to herself, "stupid compared to an ordinary woman in the real business of life, which does not consist of fighting and money-making."

Now there was one point she had ascertained by words in her visit to Isaura—a point on which all might depend. She had asked Isaura when and where she had seen Graham last; and when Isaura had given her that information, and she learned it was on the eventful day on which Isaura gave her consent to the publication of her MS., if approved by Savarin, in the journal to be set up by the handsome-faced young author, she leaped to the conclusion that Graham had been seized with no unnatural jealousy, and was still under the illusive glamoury of that green-eyed fiend. She was confirmed in this notion, not altogether an unsound one, when, asking with apparent carelessness, "And in that last interview did you see any change in Mr. Vane's manner, especially when he took leave?"

Isaura turned away pale, and involuntarily clasping her hands—as women do when they would suppress pain—replied, in a low manner, "His manner was changed."

Accordingly, Mrs. Morley sat down and wrote the following letter:

"DEAR MR. VANE,—I am very angry indeed with you for refusing my invitation—I had so counted on you—and I don't believe a word of your excuse. Engagements! To balls and dinners, I suppose, as if you were not much too clever to care about these silly attempts to enjoy solitude in crowds. And as to what you men call business, you have no right to have any business at all. You are not in commerce; you are not in Parliament; you told me yourself that you had no great landed estates to give you trouble; you are rich, without any necessity to take pains to remain rich or to become richer; you have no business in the world except to please yourself; and when you will not come to Paris to see one of your truest friends—which I certainly am—it simply means that no matter how such a visit would please me, it does not please yourself. I call that abominably rude and ungrateful.

"But I am not writing merely to scold you. I have something else on my mind, and it must come out. Certainly, when you were at Paris last year, you did admire, above all other young ladies, Isaura Cicogna. And I honored you for doing so. I know no young lady to be called her equal. Well, if you admired her then, what would you do now if you met her? Then she was but a girl—very brilliant, very charming, it is true, but undeveloped, untested. Now she is a woman, a princess among women, but retaining all that is most lovable in a girl; so courted, yet so simple—so gifted, yet so innocent. Her head is not a bit turned by all the flattery that surrounds her. Come and judge for yourself. I still hold the door of the rooms destined to you open for repentance.

"My dear Mr. Vane, do not think me a silly match-making little woman when I write to you thus, *à cœur ouvert*.

"I like you so much that I would fain secure to you the rarest prize which life is ever likely to offer to your ambition. Where can you hope to find another Isaura? Among the stateliest daughters of your English dukes, where is there one whom a proud man would be more proud to show to the world, saying, 'She is mine!' where one more distinguished—I will not say by mere beauty—there she might be eclipsed—but by sweetness and dignity combined—in aspect, manner, every movement, every smile?

"And you, who are yourself so clever, so well read—you who would be so lonely with a wife who was not your companion, with whom you could not converse on equal terms of intellect—my dear friend, where could you find a companion in whom you would not miss the poet-soul of Isaura? Of course I should not dare to obtrude all these questionings on your innermost reflections, if I had not some idea, right or wrong, that since the days when at Enghien and Montmorency, seeing you and Isaura side by side, I whispered to Frank, 'So should those two be through life,' some cloud has passed between your eyes and the future on which they gazed. Can not that cloud be dispelled? Were you so unjust to yourself as to be jealous of a rival, perhaps of a Gustave Rameau? I write to you frankly—answer me frankly; and if you answer, 'Mrs. Morley, I don't know what you mean; I admired Mademoiselle Cicogna as I might admire any other pretty, accomplished girl, but it is really nothing to me whether she marries Gustave Rameau or any one else'—why, then, burn this letter—forget that it has been written; and may you never know the pang of remorseful sigh, if, in the days to come, you see her—whose name in that case I should profane did I repeat it—the comrade of another man's mind, the half of another man's heart, the pride and delight of another man's blissful home."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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"My dear Sir, I did not ask if you disliked Paris, but if there were any thing that made you dislike coming back to it on a visit."

"What a notion! and what a cross-examiner you would have made if you had been called to the bar! Surely, my dear friend, you can understand that when a man has in one place business which he can not neglect, he may decline going to another place, whatever pleasure it would give him to do so. By-the-way, there is a great ball at one of the Ministers' to-night; you should go there, and I will point out to you all those English notabilities in whom Americans naturally take interest. I will call for you at eleven o'clock. Lord ——, who is a connection of mine, would be charmed to know you."

Morley hesitated; but when Graham said, "How your wife will scold you if you lose such an opportunity of telling her whether the Duchess of M—— is as beautiful as report says, and whether Gladstone or Disraeli seems to your phrenological science to have the finer head!" the Colonel gave in, and it was settled that Graham should call for him at the Langham Hotel.

That matter arranged, Graham probably hoped that his inquisitive visitor would take leave for the present, but the Colonel evinced no such intention. On the contrary, settling himself more at ease in his arm-chair, he said, "If I remember aright, you do not object to the odor of tobacco?"

Graham rose and presented to his visitor a cigar-box which he took from the mantel-piece.

The Colonel shook his head, and withdrew from his breast pocket a leather case, from which he extracted a gigantic regalia; this he lighted from a gold match-box in the shape of a locket attached to his watch-chain, and took two or three preliminary puffs, with his head thrown back and his eyes meditatively intent upon the ceiling.

We know already that strange whim of the Colonel's (than whom, if he pleased, no man could speak purer English as spoken by the Britisher) to assert the dignity of the American citizen by copious use of expressions and phrases familiar to the lips of the governing class of the great Republic—delicacies of speech which he would have carefully shunned in the polite circles of the Fifth Avenue, in New York. Now the Colonel was much too experienced a man of the world not to be aware that the commission with which his Lizzy had charged him was an exceedingly delicate one; and it occurred to his mother-wit that the best way to acquit himself of it, so as to avoid the risk of giving or of receiving serious affront, would be to push that whim of his into more than wonted exaggeration. Thus he could more decidedly and briefly come to the point; and should he, in doing so, appear too meddlesome, rather provoke a laugh than a frown—retiring from the ground with the honors due to a humorist. Accordingly, in his deepest nasal intonation, and withdrawing his eyes from the ceiling, he began:

"You have not asked, Sir, after the signorina, or, as we popularly call her, Mademoiselle Cicogna?"

"Have I not? I hope she is quite well, and her lively companion, Signora Venosta."

"They are not sick, Sir; or at least were not so last night when my wife and I had the pleasure to see them. Of course you have read Mademoiselle Cicogna's book—a bright performance, Sir, age considered."

"Certainly, I have read the book; it is full of unquestionable genius. Is Mademoiselle writing another? But of course she is."

"I am not aware of the fact, Sir. It may be predicated; such a mind can not remain inactive; and I know from M. Savarin and that rising young man Gustave Rameau, that the publishers bid high for her brains considerable. Two translations have already appeared in our country. Her fame, Sir, will be world-wide. She may be another George Sand, or at least another Eulalie Grantmesnil."

Graham's cheek became as white as the paper I write on. He inclined his head as in assent, but without a word. The Colonel continued:

"We ought to be very proud of her acquaintance, Sir. I think you detected her gifts while they were yet unconjectured. My wife says so. You must be gratified to remember that, Sir—clear grit, Sir, and no mistake."

"I certainly more than once have said to Mrs. Morley that I esteemed Mademoiselle's powers so highly that I hoped she would never become a stage singer and actress. But this M. Rameau? You say he is a rising man. It struck me when at Paris that he was one of those charlatans, with a great deal of conceit and very little information, who are always found in scores on the ultra-Liberal side of politics; possibly I was mistaken."

"He is the responsible editor of *Le Sens Commun*, in which talented periodical Mademoiselle Cicogna's book was first raised."

"Of course I know that; a journal which, so far as I have looked into its political or social articles, certainly written by a cleverer and an older man than M. Rameau, is for unsettling all things and settling nothing. We have writers of that kind among ourselves—I have no sympathy with them. To me it seems that when a man says, 'Off with your head,' he ought to let us know what other head he would put on our shoulders, and by what process the change of heads shall be effected. Honestly speaking, if you and your charming wife are intimate friends and admirers of Mademoiselle Cicogna, I think you could not do her a greater service than that of detaching her from all connection with men like M. Rameau, and journals like *Le Sens Commun.*"

The Colonel here withdrew his cigar from his lips, lowered his head to a level with Graham's, and relaxing into an arch, significant smile, said: "Start to Paris, and dissuade her yourself. Start—go ahead—don't be shy—don't seesaw on the beam of speculation. You will have more influence with that young female than we can boast."

Never was England in greater danger of quarrel with America than at that moment; but Graham curbed his first wrathful impulse, and replied, coldly,

"It seems to me, Colonel, that you, though very unconsciously, derogate from the respect due to Mademoiselle Cicogna. That the counsel of a married couple like yourself and Mrs. Morley should be freely given to and duly heeded by a girl deprived of her natural advisers in parents is a reasonable and honorable supposition; but to imply that the most influential adviser of a young lady so situated is a young single man, in no way related to her, appears to me a dereliction of that regard to the dignity of her sex which is the chivalrous characteristic of your countrymen—and to Mademoiselle Cicogna herself, a surmise which she would be justified in resenting as an impertinence."

"I deny both allegations," replied the Colonel, serenely. "I maintain that a single man whips all connubial creation when it comes to gallantizing a single young woman; and that no young lady would be justified in resenting as impertinence my friendly suggestion to the single man so deserving of her consideration as I estimate you to be to solicit the right to advise her for life. And that's a caution."

Here the Colonel resumed his regalia, and again gazed intent on the ceiling.

"Advise her for life! You mean, I presume, as a candidate for her hand."

"You don't Turkey now. Well, I guess you are not wide of the mark there, Sir."

"You do me infinite honor, but I do not presume so far."

"So, so—not as yet. Before a man who is not without gumption runs himself for Congress he likes to calculate how the votes will run. Well, Sir, suppose we are in caucus, and let us discuss the chances of the election with closed doors."

Graham could not help smiling at the persistent officiousness of his visitor, but his smile was a very sad one.

"Pray change the subject, my dear Colonel Morley—it is not a pleasant one to me; and as regards Mademoiselle Cicogna, can you think it would not shock her to suppose that her name was dragged into the discussions you would provoke, even with closed doors?"

"Sir," replied the Colonel, imperturbably, "since the doors are closed, there is no one, unless it be a spirit-listener under the table, who can wire to Mademoiselle Cicogna the substance of debate. And, for my part, I do not believe in spiritual manifestations. Fact is that I have the most amicable sentiments toward both parties, and if there is a misunderstanding which is opposed to the union of the States, I wish to remove it while yet in time. Now let us suppose that you decline to be a candidate; there are plenty of others who will run; and as an elector must choose one representative or other, so a gal must choose one husband or other. And then you only repent when it is too late. It is a great thing to be first in the field. Let us approximate to the point; the chances seem good. Will you run? Yes or No?"

"I repeat, Colonel Morley, that I entertain no such presumption."

The Colonel here, rising, extended his hand, which Graham shook with constrained cordiality, and then leisurely walked to the door; there he paused, as if struck by a new thought, and said, gravely, in his natural tone of voice, "You have nothing to say, Sir, against the young lady's character and honor?"

"I!—Heavens, no! Colonel Morley, such a question insults me."

The Colonel resumed his deepest nasal bass: "It is only, then, because you don't fancy her now so much as you did last year—fact, you are soured on her and fly off the handle. Such things do happen. The same thing has happened to myself, Sir. In my days of celibacy there was a gal at Saratoga whom I gallantized, and whom, while I was at Saratoga, I thought Heaven had made to be Mrs. Morley. I was on the very point of telling her so, when I was suddenly called off to Philadelphia; and at Philadelphia, Sir, I found that Heaven had made another Mrs. Morley. I state this fact, Sir, though I seldom talk of my own affairs, even when willing to tender my advice in the affairs of another, in order to prove that I do not intend to censure you if Heaven has served you in the same manner. Sir, a man may go blind for one gal when he is not yet dry behind the ears, and then, when his eyes are skinned, go in for one better. All things mortal meet with a change, as my sister's little boy said when, at the age of eight, he quitted the Methodies and turned Shaker. Threep and argue as we may, you and I are both mortals—more's the pity. Good-morning, Sir" (glancing at the clock, which proclaimed the hour of 3 P.M.)—"I err—good-evening."

By the post that day the Colonel transmitted a condensed and laconic report of his conversation with Graham Vane. I can state its substance in yet fewer words. He wrote word that Graham positively declined the invitation to Paris; that he had then, agreeably to Lizzy's instructions, ventilated the Englishman, in the most delicate terms, as to his intentions with regard to Isaura, and that no intentions at all existed. The sooner all thoughts of him were relinquished, and a new suitor on the ground, the better it would be for the young lady's happiness in the only state in which happiness should be, if not found, at least sought, whether by maid or man.

Mrs. Morley was extremely put out by this untoward result of the diplomacy she had intrusted to the Colonel; and when, the next day, came a very courteous letter from Graham, thanking her gratefully for the kindness of her invitation, and expressing his regret, briefly though cordially, at his inability to profit by it, without the most distant allusion to the subject which the Colonel had brought on the *tapis*, or even requesting his compliments to the Signoras Venosta and Cicogna, she was more than put out, more than resentful—she was deeply grieved. Being, however, one of those gallant heroes of womankind who do not give in at the first defeat, she began to doubt whether Frank had not rather overstrained the delicacy which he said he had put into his "soundings." He ought to have been more explicit. Meanwhile she resolved to call on Isaura, and, without mentioning Graham's refusal of her invitation, endeavor to ascertain whether the attachment which she felt persuaded the girl secretly cherished for this recalcitrant Englishman were something more than the first romantic fancy—whether it were sufficiently deep to justify farther effort on Mrs. Morley's part to bring it to a prosperous issue.

She found Isaura at home and alone; and, to do her justice, she exhibited wonderful tact in the fulfillment of the task she had set herself. Forming her judgment by manner and look—not words—she returned home convinced that she ought to seize the opportunity afforded to her by Graham's letter. It was one to which she might very naturally reply, and in that reply she might convey the object at her heart more felicitously than the Colonel had done. "The cleverest man is," she said to herself, "stupid compared to an ordinary woman in the real business of life, which does not consist of fighting and money-making."

Now there was one point she had ascertained by words in her visit to Isaura—a point on which all might depend. She had asked Isaura when and where she had seen Graham last; and when Isaura had given her that information, and she learned it was on the eventful day on which Isaura gave her consent to the publication of her MS., if approved by Savarin, in the journal to be set up by the handsome-faced young author, she leaped to the conclusion that Graham had been seized with no unnatural jealousy, and was still under the illusive glamoury of that green-eyed fiend. She was confirmed in this notion, not altogether an unsound one, when, asking with apparent carelessness, "And in that last interview did you see any change in Mr. Vane's manner, especially when he took leave?"

Isaura turned away pale, and involuntarily clasping her hands—as women do when they would suppress pain—replied, in a low manner, "His manner was changed."

Accordingly, Mrs. Morley sat down and wrote the following letter:

"DEAR MR. VANE,—I am very angry indeed with you for refusing my invitation—I had so counted on you—and I don't believe a word of your excuse. Engagements! To balls and dinners, I suppose, as if you were not much too clever to care about these silly attempts to enjoy solitude in crowds. And as to what you men call business, you have no right to have any business at all. You are not in commerce; you are not in Parliament; you told me yourself that you had no great landed estates to give you trouble; you are rich, without any necessity to take pains to remain rich or to become richer; you have no business in the world except to please yourself; and when you will not come to Paris to see one of your truest friends—which I certainly am—it simply means that no matter how such a visit would please me, it does not please yourself. I call that abominably rude and ungrateful.

"But I am not writing merely to scold you. I have something else on my mind, and it must come out. Certainly, when you were at Paris last year, you did admire, above all other young ladies, Isaura Cicogna. And I honored you for doing so. I know no young lady to be called her equal. Well, if you admired her then, what would you do now if you met her? Then she was but a girl—very brilliant, very charming, it is true, but undeveloped, untested. Now she is a woman, a princess among women, but retaining all that is most lovable in a girl; so courted, yet so simple—so gifted, yet so innocent. Her head is not a bit turned by all the flattery that surrounds her. Come and judge for yourself. I still hold the door of the rooms destined to you open for repentance.

"My dear Mr. Vane, do not think me a silly match-making little woman when I write to you thus, *à cœur ouvert*.

"I like you so much that I would fain secure to you the rarest prize which life is ever likely to offer to your ambition. Where can you hope to find another Isaura? Among the stateliest daughters of your English dukes, where is there one whom a proud man would be more proud to show to the world, saying, 'She is mine!' where one more distinguished—I will not say by mere beauty—there she might be eclipsed—but by sweetness and dignity combined—in aspect, manner, every movement, every smile?

"And you, who are yourself so clever, so well read—you who would be so lonely with a wife who was not your companion, with whom you could not converse on equal terms of intellect—my dear friend, where could you find a companion in whom you would not miss the poet-soul of Isaura? Of course I should not dare to obtrude all these questionings on your innermost reflections, if I had not some idea, right or wrong, that since the days when at Enghien and Montmorency, seeing you and Isaura side by side, I whispered to Frank, 'So should those two be through life,' some cloud has passed between your eyes and the future on which they gazed. Can not that cloud be dispelled? Were you so unjust to yourself as to be jealous of a rival, perhaps of a Gustave Rameau? I write to you frankly—answer me frankly; and if you answer, 'Mrs. Morley, I don't know what you mean; I admired Mademoiselle Cicogna as I might admire any other pretty, accomplished girl, but it is really nothing to me whether she marries Gustave Rameau or any one else'—why, then, burn this letter—forget that it has been written; and may you never know the pang of remorseful sigh, if, in the days to come, you see her—whose name in that case I should profane did I repeat it—the comrade of another man's mind, the half of another man's heart, the pride and delight of another man's blissful home."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.

NEWPORT.

Newport, the oldest and most picturesque watering-place in this country, is situated at the southern extremity of an island in Narraganset Bay, known in old Indian times as the island of Aquidneck. It is the largest of a cluster of islands, is fifteen miles long, and about three and a half in breadth. The first white settlement on its shores was made about 235 years ago, by the venerable John Clark and a little band of persecuted brethren seeking an asylum from the religious intolerance of Massachusetts. Roger Williams, whom they first visited at Providence, directed their attention to the waters of Narraganset Bay, and advised them to take up their abode on its shores. He also offered his services in procuring them a settlement; and through his influence with the two great and powerful sachems of Narraganset, Canonicus and Miantonomoh, a deed of Aquidneck and other islands of the bay was procured in the name of Mr. Coddington and friends in March, 1638. The original charter of this colony was brief and unique, and shows the earnest religious character of the founders. It was as follows:

> "We, whose names are underwritten, do solemnly swear in the presence of the Great Jehovah to incorporate ourselves into a body politic; and as He shall help us, will submit our persons, lives, and estates unto the Lord Jesus Christ, the King of kings and Lord of lords, and to all those most perfect laws of His, given us in His most Holy Word of Truth, to be guided and judged thereby."

The first settlement on the island was commenced at the northern extremity, where a town, called at first Pocasset, and subsequently Portsmouth, was regularly laid out. The rapid increase of population during the summer rendered it advisable to begin a settlement on some other part of the island, and accordingly the next spring Mr. Clark with several others removed to the southern point, and there laid out a town which they called Newport. The name of the island itself was subsequently changed by the General Court to Rhode Island, and its Indian name went out of use. The first dwelling-house built in Newport was erected by Nicholas Easton, all prior habitations having been temporary tents or wigwams. Both towns were united under the same patriarchal form of government, of which Mr. William Coddington was chosen magistrate or judge. In 1784 Newport was incorporated as a city; but after a trial of three years, the old form of town government was resumed.

The magnificent situation of Newport on the shores of a commodious harbor created in the minds of its early founders visions of future greatness. They expected it to become the metropolis of the country, and for many years its prosperity seemed to justify this expectation. But the reverses it suffered during the Revolutionary war put an end to these dreams, and it was not until about 1830 that its prosperity began to revive. About that time it became known as a pleasant watering-place. Families from the Southern States, attracted by its genial climate, began to visit here during the summer, living entirely in boarding-houses. There were three at that time: one known then as the "Jew's House," kept by Charles Whitfield, a lame man; the Bellevue House, which was the old Brindley mansion; and "Potter's," occupied mainly by the Friends at Yearly Meeting time. The first Ocean House was built about 1832, but was destroyed by fire in 1841, and rebuilt on the same site during that year. At this time the city occupied only a few streets near the water front, and cottages had not been thought of. The first sale of real estate was made about that year to an Englishman named Robert Johnson, who bought about twenty acres of the Easton Farm, situated between the Bath Road and Narraganset Avenue. He did not build, but occupied a building already on the land. About the same time Alfred Smith, who has become very prominent in the advancement of the city's interests, induced a Mr. Sears to buy twenty-two and a half acres of the same farm for $10,000. Within the past year one-quarter of that purchase has been sold for $88,000. William Beach Lawrence, of New York, also bought about that time sixty acres at Ochre Point for $12,000, which is now worth half a million.

It was not until 1851, however, that Newport became a really popular and fashionable watering-place. Up to that time most of the cottages had been erected in the vicinity of the Bath Road and toward the south from that neighborhood. In that year the Bailey Farm, below the Ocean House, was sold for $22,000, and in the following year Bellevue Avenue was opened as far as "Bailey's Beach." Then, as the rush came, cottages were put up right and left along Bellevue Avenue. The city began to wake up to its growing importance, and was induced to lend its help toward needed improvements. George Bancroft built there; Daniel Parish, Lindley Murray Hoffman, James Phalen, and Edward Curtis, of New York, General George Cadwallader, of Philadelphia, and James T. Rhodes, of Providence, built about the same time.

As the celebrity of the place increased a great impetus was given to building summer residences. The simple style observed in the earlier cottages was exchanged for ornate styles of architecture. Swiss chalets, French villas, and English cottages sprang up as by magic; and probably in no other place in America has there been such lavish expenditure of money in the search for comfort and luxury. With all the transfers of property, there has been very little speculation, most of the land having gone to *bona fide* purchasers, who have built and settled upon it. The rise in the value of land has been constant and rapid. The Bailey Farm of 140 acres was sold in 1851 for $22,000, or a little over $150 per acre. The first sales from this land were made at the rate of $500 per acre: a few weeks since several acres of it were sold for $9000 per acre. Other recent sales indicate still higher rates of increase in the valuation of eligible sites for cottages.

The favorite localities for building were, until within a few years, in the vicinity of Bellevue Avenue and along the Bath Road; but recently a tract of land further to the south, known as the Gibbes Farm, has come into the market, and is being rapidly bought up and covered with handsome cottages. Within the past year thirty-five new cottages have been projected, and some of them finished, representing an investment, including enlargements and improvements to others, of about $700,000. Some of the Newport cottages are rented every summer at rents varying from $3000 up to $8000 for the season, $5000 being about the average. In a different way from what they imagined, the dreams of the old Newport settlers have thus partly come true. Though partially eclipsed by Long Branch, Newport is still the metropolis of summer resorts. Its picturesque situation, delightful climate, and the charm of shady groves, in which its latest rival is still lacking, must for many years to come give it the preference with those who value these advantages above the attractions of a purely fashionable resort.

Our picture gives a bird's-eye or panoramic view of this beautiful watering-place, and shows its varied attractions to great advantage. The sketch was taken from a point near the "Dumplings," the picturesque mass of rock which looms up in the foreground, crowned by the ruins of an old Martello tower. Just beyond is seen Fort Adams, with its extended lines of earthworks. To the left is Torpedo Island, formerly Goat Island, where experiments with submarine torpedoes are carried on under the supervision of United States naval officers. Still further to the left is the well-known Long Wharf, or steamboat landing. The entrance to the harbor is shown on the right of the picture, and extending beyond it are seen the picturesque indentations of the seaward shores. The town proper lies in the middle distance, and just beyond it rise the cliffs, with their long lines of elegant cottages facing the sea. Still beyond these stretch the two beaches which form the bathing-grounds, and which open directly upon the sea. The high tower nearly in the centre of the picture is that of the Ocean House, from the top of which may be obtained a magnificent panoramic view of the town and its picturesque surroundings. It is hardly possible to imagine a more beautiful or more attractive view.

No visitor should leave Newport without seeing the celebrated old Stone Tower, about which antiquarians have raised such a dust of controversy. Unfortunately it is too small an object to appear distinctly in our picture, but its locality is marked. It stands in Touro Square, just to the left of the Atlantic Hotel. The structure consists of a circular wall of great strength, built upon arches which spring from eight round and massive pillars. These bear evidence of having once been covered with a thick coating of cement, portions of which still remain. These pillars are composed of flat, irregularly shaped stones, laid in cement as hard as the stones themselves. No capitals crown the pillars, and they are referable to no order of architecture, yet considerable skill was shown in their structure. Above them the arches are well turned. Not a stone appears to have crumbled or decayed, and the enormous weight resting on them has never forced them a hair's-breadth from their original position. The top of each of the eight pillars projects considerably beyond the lower edge of the wall of the tower which they support, and their bases rest on larger stones. The tower is open on all sides between the pillars, and is roofless. Three openings, which may have been windows, are seen on the north, west, and south portions of the tower wall. In the eastern part, just above the arches, is a recess which may have been used as a fire-place, as a chimney ascends in the interior of the wall. There are also cavities in which rafters probably rested in by-gone ages. One blackened beam still stretches from wall to wall; with this exception, the interior of the structure is entirely bare. The circumference of this remarkable ruin is exactly eighty-one feet; the pillars are three feet in circumference and about ten feet high. The tower itself rises twenty feet above the pillars, making the entire elevation about thirty feet.

By the inhabitants of Newport this singular structure is known as "The Old Stone Mill." For years antiquarians and historians have disputed as to its probable origin, and the question still remains undecided. A citizen of Newport, who died some years ago at the reputed age of one hundred and six years, declared that in his boyhood the mystery was as great as it is at present. Mr. George C. Mason, in his sketches of *Newport and its Environs*, says of it:

"It has been conjectured by many that this building must have been the work of the Northmen when settled in America, and taken by some to be proof irrefragable that here is to be sought the famous Vineland discovered by Biorn and his companions, and visited afterward by adventurers from Iceland many centuries before the voyage of Verrozano and the discoveries by the Cabots. More recent and authentic inquiries, and particularly the recovery of the will of Governor Benedict Arnold, executed in 1677, have determined the character of the structure, which was no doubt erected as a mill for grinding Indian corn and other grain soon after the settlement of the colony in 1639. This mill, built in the style then common in England, was placed upon land either originally allotted to, or which soon came into possession of, the family of Arnold, and is formed of the same material which is used in the stone walls which now inclose and divide Rhode Island proper, and that, at its discovery and settlement, was loosely strewn over a greater part of its surface."

Professor Rafn, on the contrary, in the *Mémoires de la Société Royale des Antiquaires du Nord* for 1838–39, declares for its great antiquity, and expresses his belief that it was erected at a period not later than the twelfth century. For our part, notwithstanding the sarcastic remarks of Cooper, who believed it to be undeniably a mill, we are inclined to side with Professor Rafn. Longfellow was content with this authority, and one of his most beautiful poems, *The Skeleton in Armor*, connects the tower with a romantic Scandinavian legend. The Viking hero's reply to the poet's apostrophe gives what all imaginative people should be willing to accept as the true theory of the origin of the tower. The Viking, our readers will remember, had run away with a king's daughter, and boldly set sail toward the west:

> "As with his wings aslant,
> Sails the fierce cormorant,
> Seeking some rocky haunt,
> With his prey laden,
> So toward the open main,
> Beating to sea again,
> Through the wild hurricane,
> Bore I the maiden.
>
> "Three weeks we westward bore,
> And when the storm was o'er,
> Cloud-like we saw the shore
> Stretching to leeward;
> *There, for my lady's bower,*
> *Built I this lofty tower,*
> *Which, to this very hour,*
> *Stands looking seaward!*
>
> "There lived we many years:
> Time dried the maiden's tears;
> She had forgot her fears;
> She was a mother!
> Death closed her mild blue eyes;
> *Under that tower she lies!*
> Ne'er shall the sun arise
> On such another!"

The vicinity of Newport abounds in picturesque and romantic scenery, and is the favorite resort of many of our most eminent artists. The genial Kensett found there the inspiration for many of his most beautiful pictures. One of the most celebrated spots is one which bears the unromantic name of "Purgatory," a wild narrow chasm or cleft in the solid wall of a seaward cliff. Standing on the edge of this chasm, the spectator gazes down to a strip of dark water forty feet below. The sides are dark, smooth, and nearly perpendicular, the chasm, about twelve feet wide at the top, gradually narrowing toward the base. A stone thrown into the rift rebounds from side to side with a hollow sound, and then sullenly plunges into the dark and fathomless waters beneath. Just outside the chasm the blue waves are ever dashing and tossing; within, the waters subside into a smoothness and silence which excite a strange sense of awe and mystery. Viewed from the sea, much of the romance of the place is lost. Many legends are connected with the chasm, and in one of them, appropriately enough, considering the name, his Satanic Majesty plays a prominent part.

Of the other localities about Newport—of its beautiful drives, shady groves, and attractive beaches—we have not space to speak in detail, nor can we describe many interesting features of the town itself, with its narrow winding streets, hardly wider than lanes, its churches, public buildings, and Revolutionary relics. We must content ourselves with only a passing reference to "Paradise," a long and beautiful grove of sycamore-trees skirting the foot of a rocky hill, and to "Hanging Rock," one of the great features of Sachuest Bay, which Berkeley made his out-door sanctum, and where he is supposed to have written the greater part of his *Minute Philosopher*. His house is still standing near the beach at this place, about three miles from the State-House in Newport, a little to the northward of what is called the Green End Road. For a full account of these and other interesting localities and objects in and around Newport our readers are referred to the *Hand-Book of Newport and Rhode Island*, published by Mr. C. E. Hammett, of Newport, to which we are indebted for some of the material for this account of one of the most attractive watering-places in America.

(Continued from No. 868, page 731.)

THE PARISIANS.

By EDWARD BULWER (LORD LYTTON),

Author of "Pelham," "The Caxtons," "The Last of the Barons," "My Novel," "The Coming Race," etc., etc.

BOOK NINTH.

CHAPTER I.

On waking some morning, have you ever felt, reader, as if a change for the brighter in the world, without and within you, had suddenly come to pass—some new glory has been given to the sunshine, some fresh balm to the air—you feel younger and happier and lighter in the very beat of your heart—you almost fancy you hear the chime of some spiritual music far off, as if in the deeps of heaven? You are not at first conscious how, or wherefore, this change has been brought about. Is it the effect of a dream in the gone sleep that has made this morning so different from mornings that have dawned before? And while vaguely asking yourself that question you become aware that the cause is no mere illusion, that it has its substance in words spoken by living lips, in things that belong to the work-day world.

It was thus that Isaura woke the morning after the conversation with Alain de Rochebriant, and as certain words, then spoken, echoed back on her ear, she knew why she was so happy, why the world was so changed.

In those words she heard the voice of Graham Vane—no, she had not deceived herself—she was loved! she was loved! What mattered that long cold interval of absence? She had not forgotten—she could not believe that absence had brought forgetfulness. There are moments when we insist on judging another's heart by our own. All would be explained some day—all would come right.

How lovely was the face that reflected itself in the glass as she stood before it smoothing back her long hair, murmuring sweet snatches of Italian love-song, and blushing with sweeter love-thoughts as she sang! All that had passed in that year so critical to her outer life—the authorship, the fame, the public career, the popular praise—vanished from her mind as a vapor that rolls from the face of a lake to which the sunlight restores the smile of a brightened heaven.

She was more the girl now than she had ever been since the day on which she sat reading Tasso on the craggy shore of Sorrento.

Singing still as she passed from her chamber, and entering the sitting-room, which fronted the east, and seemed bathed in the sunbeams of deepening May, she took her bird from its cage, and stopped her song to cover it with kisses, which perhaps yearned for vent somewhere.

Later in the day she went out to visit Valérie. Recalling the altered manner of her young friend, her sweet nature became troubled. She divined that Valérie had conceived some jealous pain, which she longed to heal; she could not bear the thought of leaving any one that day unhappy. Ignorant before of the girl's feelings toward Alain, she now partly guessed them—one woman who loves in secret is clairvoyante as to such secrets in another.

Valérie received her visitor with a coldness she did not attempt to disguise. Not seeming to notice this, Isaura commenced the conversation with frank mention of Rochebriant. "I have to thank you so much, dear Valérie, for a pleasure you could not anticipate—that of talking about an absent friend, and hearing the praise he deserved from one so capable of appreciating excellence as M. de Rochebriant appears to be."

"You were talking to M. de Rochebriant of an absent friend—ah! you seemed indeed very much interested in the conversation—"

"Do not wonder at that, Valérie; and do not grudge me the happiest moments I have known for months."

"In talking with M. de Rochebriant! No doubt, Mademoiselle Cicogna, you found him very charming."

To her surprise and indignation, Valérie here felt the arm of Isaura tenderly entwining her waist, and her face drawn toward Isaura's sisterly kiss.

"Listen to me, naughty child—listen and believe. M. de Rochebriant can never be charming to me—never touch a chord in my heart or my fancy, except as friend to another, or—kiss me in your turn, Valérie—as suitor to yourself."

Valérie here drew back her pretty child-like head, gazed keenly a moment into Isaura's eyes, felt convinced by the limpid candor of their unmistakable honesty, and flinging herself on her friend's bosom, kissed her passionately, and burst into tears.

The complete reconciliation between the two girls was thus peacefully effected; and then Isaura had to listen, at no small length, to the confidences poured into her ears by Valérie, who was fortunately too engrossed by her own hopes and doubts to exact confidences in return. Valérie's was one of those impulsive, eager natures that long for a confidante. Not so Isaura's. Only when Valérie had unburdened her heart, and been soothed and caressed into happy trust in the future, did she recall Isaura's explanatory words, and said, archly, "And your absent friend? Tell me about him. Is he as handsome as Alain?"

"Nay," said Isaura, rising to take up the mantle and hat she had laid aside on entering, "they say that the color of a flower is in our vision, not in the leaves." Then, with a grave melancholy in the look she fixed upon Valérie, she added: "Rather than distrust of me should occasion you pain, I have pained myself in making clear to you the reason why I felt interest in M. de Rochebriant's conversation. In turn, I ask of you a favor—do not on this point question me farther. There are some things in our past which influence the present, but to which we dare not assign a future—on which we can not talk to another. What soothsayer can tell us if the dream of a yesterday will be renewed on the night of a morrow? All is said—we trust one another, dearest."

CHAPTER II.

That evening the Morleys looked in at Isaura's on their way to a crowded assembly at the house of one of those rich Americans who were then outvying the English residents at Paris in the good graces of Parisian society. I think the Americans get on better with the French than the English do—I mean the higher class of Americans. They spend more money; their men speak French better; the women are better dressed, and, as a general rule, have read more largely, and converse more frankly.

Mrs. Morley's affection for Isaura had increased during the last few months. As so notable an advocate of the ascendency of her sex, she felt a sort of grateful pride in the accomplishments and growing renown of so youthful a member of the oppressed sisterhood. But, apart from that sentiment, she had conceived a tender mother-like interest for the girl who stood in the world so utterly devoid of family ties, so destitute of that household guardianship and protection which, with all her assertion of the strength and dignity of woman, and all her opinions as to woman's right of absolute emancipation from the conventions fabricated by the selfishness of man, Mrs. Morley was too sensible not to value for the individual, though she deemed it not needed for the mass. Her great desire was that Isaura should marry well, and soon. American women usually marry so young that it seemed to Mrs. Morley an anomaly in social life that one so gifted in mind and person as Isaura should already have passed the age in which the belles

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Venosta in such matters was not prudent. "It can't be, dear," she cried, piteously, extending her arms toward Isaura. "I must have one exactly like. Who made it? *Cara signora*, give me the address."

"Ask the Colonel, dear madame; he chose and brought it;" and Mrs. Morley glanced significantly at her well-tutored Frank.

"Madame," said the Colonel, speaking in English, which he usually did with the Venosta, who valued herself on knowing that language, and was flattered to be addressed in it, while he amused himself by introducing into its forms the dainty Americanisms with which he puzzled the Britisher—he might well puzzle the Florentine—"Madame, I am too anxious for the appearance of my wife to submit to the test of a rival screamer like yourself in the same apparel. With all the homage due to a sex of which I am enthused dreadful, I decline to designate the florist from whom I purchased Mrs. Morley's head fixings."

"Wicked man!" cried the Venosta, shaking her finger at him coquettishly. "You are jealous! Fie! a man should never be jealous of a woman's rivalry with woman;" and then, with a cynicism that might have become a gray-beard, she added, "but of his own sex every man should be jealous—though of his dearest friend. Isn't it so, *Colonello?*"

The Colonel looked puzzled, bowed, and made no reply.

"That only shows," said Mrs. Morley, rising, "what villains the Colonel has the misfortune to call friends and fellow-men."

"I fear it is time to go," said Frank, glancing at the clock.

In theory the most rebellious, in practice the most obedient of wives, Mrs. Morley here kissed Isaura, resettled her crinoline, and shaking hands with the Venosta, retreated to the door.

"I shall have the wreath yet," cried the Venosta, impishly. "*La speranza è femmina*" (hope is female).

"Alas!" said Isaura, half mournfully, half smiling—"alas! do you not remember what the poet replied when asked what disease was most mortal?—'the hectic fever caught from the chill of hope.'"

CHAPTER III.

Graham Vane was musing very gloomily in his solitary apartment one morning, when his servant announced Colonel Morley.

He received his visitor with more than the cordiality with which every English politician receives an American citizen. Graham liked the Colonel too well for what he was in himself to need any national title to his esteem. After some preliminary questions and answers as to the health of Mrs. Morley, the length of the Colonel's stay in London, what day he could dine with Graham at Richmond or Gravesend, the Colonel took up the ball. "We have been reckoning to see you at Paris, Sir, for the last six months."

"I am very much flattered to hear that you have thought of me at all; but I am not aware of having warranted the expectation you so kindly express."

"I guess you must have said something to my wife which led her to do more than expect—to reckon on your return. And, by-the-way, Sir, I am charged to deliver to you this note from her, and to back the request it contains that you will avail yourself of the offer. Without summarizing the points, I do so."

Graham glanced over the note addressed to him:

"Dear Mr. Vane,—Do you forget how beautiful the environs of Paris are in May and June? how charming it was last year at the lake of Enghien? how gay were our little dinners out-of-doors in the garden arbors, with the Savarins and the fair Italian, and her incomparably amusing chaperon? Frank has my orders to bring you back to renew those happy days, while the birds are in their first song, and the leaves are in their youngest green. I have prepared your rooms *chez nous*—a chamber that looks out on the Champs Elysées, and a quiet *cabinet de travail* at the back, in which you can read, write, or sulk undisturbed. Come, and we will again visit Enghien and Montmorency. Don't talk of engagements. If man proposes, woman disposes. Hesitate not—obey. Your sincere little friend,

Lizzy."

"My dear Morley," said Graham, with emotion, "I can not find words to thank your wife sufficiently for an invitation so graciously conveyed. Alas! I can not accept it."

"Why?" asked the Colonel, dryly.

"I have too much to do in London."

"Is that the true reason, or am I to suspicion that there is any thing, Sir, which makes you dislike a visit to Paris?"

The Americans enjoy the reputation of being the frankest putters of questions whom liberty of speech has yet educated into *les recherches de la vérité*, and certainly Colonel Morley in this instance did not impair the national reputation.

Graham Vane's brow slightly contracted, and he bit his lip as if stung by a sudden pang; but after a moment's pause he answered, with a good-humored smile,

"No man who has taste enough to admire the most beautiful city, and appreciate the charms of the most brilliant society in the world, can dislike Paris."

"My dear Sir, I did not ask if you disliked Paris, but if there were any thing that made you dislike coming back to it on a visit."

"What a notion! and what a cross-examiner you would have made if you had been called to the bar! Surely, my dear friend, you can understand that when a man has in one place business which he can not neglect, he may decline going to another place, whatever pleasure it would give him to do so. By-the-way, there is a great ball at one of the Ministers' to-night; you should go there, and I will point out to you all those English notabilities in whom Americans naturally take interest. I will call for you at eleven o'clock. Lord ——, who is a connection of mine, would be charmed to know you."

Morley hesitated; but when Graham said, "How your wife will scold you if you lose such an opportunity of telling her whether the Duchess of M—— is as beautiful as report says, and whether Gladstone or Disraeli seems to your phrenological science to have the finer head!" the Colonel gave in, and it was settled that Graham should call for him at the Langham Hotel.

That matter arranged, Graham probably hoped that his inquisitive visitor would take leave for the present, but the Colonel evinced no such intention. On the contrary, settling himself more at ease in his arm-chair, he said, "If I remember aright, you do not object to the odor of tobacco?"

Graham rose and presented to his visitor a cigar-box which he took from the mantel-piece.

The Colonel shook his head, and withdrew from his breast pocket a leather case, from which he extracted a gigantic regalia; this he lighted from a gold match-box in the shape of a locket attached to his watch-chain, and took two or three preliminary puffs, with his head thrown back and his eyes meditatively intent upon the ceiling.

We know already that strange whim of the Colonel's (than whom, if he pleased, no man could speak purer English as spoken by the Britisher) to assert the dignity of the American citizen by copious use of expressions and phrases familiar to the lips of the governing class of the great Republic—delicacies of speech which he would have carefully shunned in the polite circles of the Fifth Avenue, in New York. Now the Colonel was much too experienced a man of the world not to be aware that the commission with which his Lizzy had charged him was an exceedingly delicate one; and it occurred to his mother-wit that the best way to acquit himself of it, so as to avoid the risk of giving or of receiving serious affront, would be to push that whim of his into more than wonted exaggeration. Thus he could more decidedly and briefly come to the point; and should he, in doing so, appear too meddlesome, rather provoke a laugh than a frown—retiring from the ground with the honors due to a humorist. Accordingly, in his deepest nasal intonation, and withdrawing his eyes from the ceiling, he began:

"You have not asked, Sir, after the signorina, or, as we popularly call her, Mademoiselle Cicogna?"

"Have I not? I hope she is quite well, and her lively companion, Signora Venosta."

"They are not sick, Sir; or at least were not so last night when my wife and I had the pleasure to see them. Of course you have read Mademoiselle Cicogna's book—a bright performance, Sir, age considered."

"Certainly, I have read the book; it is full of unquestionable genius. Is Mademoiselle writing another? But of course she is."

"I am not aware of the fact, Sir. It may be predicated; such a mind can not remain inactive; and I know from M. Savarin and that rising young man Gustave Rameau, that the publishers bid high for her brains considerable. Two translations have already appeared in our country. Her fame, Sir, will be world-wide. She may be another George Sand, or at least another Eulalie Grantmesnil."

Graham's cheek became as white as the paper I write on. He inclined his head as in assent, but without a word. The Colonel continued:

"We ought to be very proud of her acquaintance, Sir. I think you detected her gifts while they were yet unconjectured. My wife says so. You must be gratified to remember that, Sir—clear grit, Sir, and no mistake."

"I certainly more than once have said to Mrs. Morley that I esteemed Mademoiselle's powers so highly that I hoped she would never become a stage singer and actress. But this M. Rameau? You say he is a rising man. It struck me when at Paris that he was one of those charlatans, with a great deal of conceit and very little information, who are always found in scores on the ultra-Liberal side of politics; possibly I was mistaken."

"He is the responsible editor of *Le Sens Commun*, in which talented periodical Mademoiselle Cicogna's book was first raised."

"Of course I know that; a journal which, so far as I have looked into its political or social articles, certainly written by a cleverer and an older man than M. Rameau, is for unsettling all things and settling nothing. We have writers of that kind among ourselves—I have no sympathy with them. To me it seems that when a man says, 'Off with your head,' he ought to let us know what other head he would put on our shoulders, and by what process the change of heads shall be effected. Honestly speaking, if you and your charming wife are intimate friends and admirers of Mademoiselle Cicogna, I think you could not do her a greater service than that of detaching her from all connection with men like M. Rameau, and journals like *Le Sens Commun*."

The Colonel here withdrew his cigar from his lips, lowered his head to a level with Graham's, and relaxing into an arch, significant smile, said: "Start to Paris, and dissuade her yourself. Start—go ahead—don't be shy—don't seesaw on the beam of speculation. You will have more influence with that young female than we can boast."

Never was England in greater danger of quarrel with America than at that moment; but Graham curbed his first wrathful impulse, and replied, coldly,

"It seems to me, Colonel, that you, though very unconsciously, derogate from the respect due to Mademoiselle Cicogna. That the counsel of a married couple like yourself and Mrs. Morley should be freely given to and duly heeded by a girl deprived of her natural advisers in parents is a reasonable and honorable supposition; but to imply that the most influential adviser of a young lady so situated is a young single man, in no way related to her, appears to me a dereliction of that regard to the dignity of her sex which is the chivalrous characteristic of your countrymen—and to Mademoiselle Cicogna herself, a surmise which she would be justified in resenting as an impertinence."

"I deny both allegations," replied the Colonel, serenely. "I maintain that a single man whips all connubial creation when it comes to gallantizing a single young woman; and that no young lady would be justified in resenting as impertinence my friendly suggestion to the single man so deserving of her consideration as I estimate you to be to solicit the right to advise her for life. And that's a caution."

Here the Colonel resumed his regalia, and again gazed intent on the ceiling.

"Advise her for life! You mean, I presume, as a candidate for her hand."

"You don't Turkey now. Well, I guess you are not wide of the mark there, Sir."

"You do me infinite honor, but I do not presume so far."

"So, so—not as yet. Before a man who is not without gumption runs himself for Congress he likes to calculate how the votes will run. Well, Sir, suppose we are in caucus, and let us discuss the chances of the election with closed doors."

Graham could not help smiling at the persistent officiousness of his visitor, but his smile was a very sad one.

"Pray change the subject, my dear Colonel Morley—it is not a pleasant one to me; and as regards Mademoiselle Cicogna, can you think it would not shock her to suppose that her name was dragged into the discussions you would provoke, even with closed doors?"

"Sir," replied the Colonel, imperturbably, "since the doors are closed, there is no one, unless it be a spirit-listener under the table, who can wire to Mademoiselle Cicogna the substance of debate. And, for my part, I do not believe in spiritual manifestations. Fact is that I have the most amicable sentiments toward both parties, and if there is a misunderstanding which is opposed to the union of the States, I wish to remove it while yet in time. Now let us suppose that you decline to be a candidate; there are plenty of others who will run; and as an elector must choose one representative or other, so a gal must choose one husband or other. And then you only repent when it is too late. It is a great thing to be first in the field. Let us approximate to the point; the chances seem good. Will you run? Yes or No?"

"I repeat, Colonel Morley, that I entertain no such presumption."

The Colonel here, rising, extended his hand, which Graham shook with constrained cordiality, and then leisurely walked to the door; there he paused, as if struck by a new thought, and said, gravely, in his natural tone of voice, "You have nothing to say, Sir, against the young lady's character and honor?"

"I!—Heavens, no! Colonel Morley, such a question insults me."

The Colonel resumed his deepest nasal bass: "It is only, then, because you don't fancy her now so much as you did last year—fact, you are soured on her and fly off the handle. Such things do happen. The same thing has happened to myself, Sir. In my days of celibacy there was a gal at Saratoga whom I gallantized, and whom, while I was at Saratoga, I thought Heaven had made to be Mrs. Morley. I was on the very point of telling her so, when I was suddenly called off to Philadelphia; and at Philadelphia, Sir, I found that Heaven had made another Mrs. Morley. I state this fact, Sir, though I seldom talk of my own affairs, even when willing to tender my advice in the affairs of another, in order to prove that I do not intend to censure you if Heaven has served you in the same manner. Sir, a man may go blind for one gal when he is not yet dry behind the ears, and then, when his eyes are skinned, go in for one better. All things mortal meet with a change, as my sister's little boy said when, at the age of eight, he quitted the Methodies and turned Shaker. Threep and argue as we may, you and I are both mortals —more's the pity. Good-morning, Sir" (glancing at the clock, which proclaimed the hour of 3 P.M.)—"I err—good-evening."

By the post that day the Colonel transmitted a condensed and laconic report of his conversation with Graham Vane. I can state its substance in yet fewer words. He wrote word that Graham positively declined the invitation to Paris; that he had then, agreeably to Lizzy's instructions, ventilated the Englishman, in the most delicate terms, as to his intentions with regard to Isaura, and that no intentions at all existed. The sooner all thoughts of him were relinquished, and a new suitor on the ground, the better it would be for the young lady's happiness in the only state in which happiness should be, if not found, at least sought, whether by maid or man.

Mrs. Morley was extremely put out by this untoward result of the diplomacy she had intrusted to the Colonel; and when, the next day, came a very courteous letter from Graham, thanking her gratefully for the kindness of her invitation, and expressing his regret, briefly though cordially, at his inability to profit by it, without the most distant allusion to the subject which the Colonel had brought on the *tapis*, or even requesting his compliments to the Signoras Venosta and Cicogna, she was more than put out, more than resentful—she was deeply grieved. Being, however, one of those gallant heroes of womankind who do not give in at the first defeat, she began to doubt whether Frank had not rather overstrained the delicacy which he said he had put into his "soundings." He ought to have been more explicit. Meanwhile she resolved to call on Isaura, and, without mentioning Graham's refusal of her invitation, endeavor to ascertain whether the attachment which she felt persuaded the girl secretly cherished for this recalcitrant Englishman were something more than the first romantic fancy—whether it were sufficiently deep to justify farther effort on Mrs. Morley's part to bring it to a prosperous issue.

She found Isaura at home and alone; and, to do her justice, she exhibited wonderful tact in the fulfillment of the task she had set herself. Forming her judgment by manner and look—not words—she returned home convinced that she ought to seize the opportunity afforded to her by Graham's letter. It was one to which she might very naturally reply, and in that reply she might convey the object at her heart more felicitously than the Colonel had done. "The cleverest man is," she said to herself, "stupid compared to an ordinary woman in the real business of life, which does not consist of fighting and money-making."

Now there was one point she had ascertained by words in her visit to Isaura—a point on which all might depend. She had asked Isaura when and where she had seen Graham last; and when Isaura had given her that information, and she learned it was on the eventful day on which Isaura gave her consent to the publication of her MS., if approved by Savarin, in the journal to be set up by the handsome-faced young author, she leaped to the conclusion that Graham had been seized with no unnatural jealousy, and was still under the illusive glamoury of that green-eyed fiend. She was confirmed in this notion, not altogether an unsound one, when, asking with apparent carelessness, "And in that last interview did you see any change in Mr. Vane's manner, especially when he took leave?"

Isaura turned away pale, and involuntarily clasping her hands—as women do when they would suppress pain—replied, in a low manner, "His manner was changed."

Accordingly, Mrs. Morley sat down and wrote the following letter:

"Dear Mr. Vane,—I am very angry indeed with you for refusing my invitation—I had so counted on you—and I don't believe a word of your excuse. Engagements! To balls and dinners, I suppose, as if you were not much too clever to care about these silly attempts to enjoy solitude in crowds. And as to what you men call business, you have no right to have any business at all. You are not in commerce; you are not in Parliament; you told me yourself that you had no great landed estates to give you trouble; you are rich, without any necessity to take pains to remain rich or to become richer; you have no business in the world except to please yourself; and when you will not come to Paris to see one of your truest friends—which I certainly am —it simply means that no matter how such a visit would please me, it does not please yourself. I call that abominably rude and ungrateful.

"But I am not writing merely to scold you. I have something else on my mind, and it must come out. Certainly, when you were at Paris last year, you did admire, above all other young ladies, Isaura Cicogna. And I honored you for doing so. I know no young lady to be called her equal. Well, if you admired her then, what would you do now if you met her? Then she was but a girl—very brilliant, very charming, it is true, but undeveloped, untested. Now she is a woman, a princess among women, but retaining all that is most lovable in a girl; so courted, yet so simple—so gifted, yet so innocent. Her head is not a bit turned by all the flattery that surrounds her. Come and judge for yourself. I still hold the door of the rooms destined to you open for repentance.

"My dear Mr. Vane, do not think me a silly match-making little woman when I write to you thus, *à cœur ouvert.*

"I like you so much that I would fain secure to you the rarest prize which life is ever likely to offer to your ambition. Where can you hope to find another Isaura? Among the stateliest daughters of your English dukes, where is there one whom a proud man would be more proud to show to the world, saying, 'She is mine!' where one more distinguished—I will not say by mere beauty—there she might be eclipsed—but by sweetness and dignity combined—in aspect, manner, every movement, every smile?

"And you, who are yourself so clever, so well read—you who would be so lonely with a wife who was not your companion, with whom you could not converse on equal terms of intellect—my dear friend, where could you find a companion in whom you would not miss the poet-soul of Isaura? Of course I should not dare to obtrude all these questionings on your innermost reflections, if I had not some idea, right or wrong, that since the days when at Enghien and Montmorency, seeing you and Isaura side by side, I whispered to Frank, 'So should those two be through life,' some cloud has passed between your eyes and the future on which they gazed. Can not that cloud be dispelled? Were you so unjust to yourself as to be jealous of a rival, perhaps of a Gustave Rameau? I write to you frankly—answer me frankly; and if you answer, 'Mrs. Morley, I don't know what you mean; I admired Mademoiselle Cicogna as I might admire any other pretty, accomplished girl, but it is really nothing to me whether she marries Gustave Rameau or any one else'—why, then, burn this letter—forget that it has been written; and may you never know the pang of remorseful sigh, if, in the days to come, you see her—whose name in that case I should profane did I repeat it—the comrade of another man's mind, the half of another man's heart, the pride and delight of another man's blissful home."

[to be continued.]

NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.

[...O. K. DAVIS AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. A. WILLIAMS.]

NEWPORT.

NEWPORT, the oldest and most picturesque watering-place in this country, is situated at the southern extremity of an island in Narraganset Bay, known in old Indian times as the island of Aquidneck. It is the largest of a cluster of islands, is fifteen miles long, and about three and a half in breadth. The first white settlement on its shores was made about 235 years ago, by the venerable JOHN CLARK and a little band of persecuted brethren seeking an asylum from the religious intolerance of Massachusetts. ROGER WILLIAMS, whom they first visited at Providence, directed their attention to the waters of Narraganset Bay, and advised them to take up their abode on its shores. He also offered his services in procuring them a settlement; and through his influence with the two great and powerful sachems of Narraganset, CANONICUS and MIANTONOMOH, a deed of Aquidneck and other islands of the bay was procured in the name of Mr. CODDINGTON and friends in March, 1638. The original charter of this colony was brief and unique, and shows the earnest religious character of the founders. It was as follows:

> "We, whose names are underwritten, do solemnly swear in the presence of the Great Jehovah to incorporate ourselves into a body politic; and as He shall help us, will submit our persons, lives, and estates unto the Lord Jesus Christ, the King of kings and Lord of lords, and to all those most perfect laws of His, given us in His most Holy Word of Truth, to be guided and judged thereby."

The first settlement on the island was commenced at the northern extremity, where a town, called at first Pocasset, and subsequently Portsmouth, was regularly laid out. The rapid increase of population during the summer rendered it advisable to begin a settlement on some other part of the island, and accordingly the next spring Mr. CLARK with several others removed to the southern point, and there laid out a town which they called Newport. The name of the island itself was subsequently changed by the General Court to Rhode Island, and its Indian name went out of use. The first dwelling-house built in Newport was erected by NICHOLAS EASTON, all prior habitations having been temporary tents or wigwams. Both towns were united under the same patriarchal form of government, of which Mr. WILLIAM CODDINGTON was chosen magistrate or judge. In 1784 Newport was incorporated as a city; but after a trial of three years, the old form of town government was resumed.

The magnificent situation of Newport on the shores of a commodious harbor created in the minds of its early founders visions of future greatness. They expected it to become the metropolis of the country, and for many years its prosperity seemed to justify this expectation. But the reverses it suffered during the Revolutionary war put an end to these dreams, and it was not until about 1830 that its prosperity began to revive. About that time it became known as a pleasant watering-place. Families from the Southern States, attracted by its genial climate, began to visit here during the summer, living entirely in boarding-houses. There were three at that time: one known then as the "Jew's House," kept by CHARLES WHITFIELD, a lame man; the Bellevue House, which was the old BRINDLEY mansion; and "Potter's," occupied mainly by the Friends at Yearly Meeting time. The first Ocean House was built about 1832, but was destroyed by fire in 1841, and rebuilt on the same site during that year. At this time the city occupied only a few streets near the water front, and cottages had not been thought of. The first sale of real estate was made about that year to an Englishman named ROBERT JOHNSON, who bought about twenty acres of the Easton Farm, situated between the Bath Road and Narraganset Avenue. He did not build, but occupied a building already on the land. About the same time ALFRED SMITH, who has become very prominent in the advancement of the city's interests, induced a Mr. SEARS to buy twenty-two and a half acres of the same farm for $10,000. Within the past year one-quarter of that purchase has been sold for $88,000. WILLIAM BEACH LAWRENCE, of New York, also bought about that time sixty acres at Ochre Point for $12,000, which is now worth half a million.

It was not until 1851, however, that Newport became a really popular and fashionable watering-place. Up to that time most of the cottages had been erected in the vicinity of the Bath Road and toward the south from that neighborhood. In that year the Bailey Farm, below the Ocean House, was sold for $22,000, and in the following year Bellevue Avenue was opened as far as "Bailey's Beach." Then, as the rush came, cottages were put up right and left along Bellevue Avenue. The city began to wake up to its growing importance, and was induced to lend its help toward needed improvements. GEORGE BANCROFT built there; DANIEL PARISH, LINDLEY MURRAY HOFFMAN, JAMES PHALEN, and EDWARD CURTIS, of New York, General GEORGE CADWALLADER, of Philadelphia, and JAMES T. RHODES, of Providence, built about the same time.

As the celebrity of the place increased a great impetus was given to building summer residences. The simple style observed in the earlier cottages was exchanged for ornate styles of architecture. Swiss chalets, French villas, and English cottages sprang up as by magic; and probably in no other place in America has there been such lavish expenditure of money in the search for comfort and luxury. With all the transfers of property, there has been very little speculation, most of the land having gone to *bona fide* purchasers, who have built and settled upon it. The rise in the value of land has been constant and rapid. The Bailey Farm of 140 acres was sold in 1851 for $22,000, or a little over $150 per acre. The first sales from this land were made at the rate of $500 per acre: a few weeks since several acres of it were sold for $9000 per acre. Other recent sales indicate still higher rates of increase in the valuation of eligible sites for cottages.

The favorite localities for building were, until within a few years, in the vicinity of Bellevue Avenue and along the Bath Road; but recently a tract of land further to the south, known as the Gibbes Farm, has come into the market, and is being rapidly bought up and covered with handsome cottages. Within the past year thirty-five new cottages have been projected, and some of them finished, representing an investment, including enlargements and improvements to others, of about $700,000. Some of the Newport cottages are rented every summer at rents varying from $3000 up to $8000 for the season, $5000 being about the average. In a different way from what they imagined, the dreams of the old Newport settlers have thus partly come true. Though partially eclipsed by Long Branch, Newport is still the metropolis of summer resorts. Its picturesque situation, delightful climate, and the charm of shady groves, in which its latest rival is still lacking, must for many years to come give it the preference with those who value these advantages above the attractions of a purely fashionable resort.

Our picture gives a bird's-eye or panoramic view of this beautiful watering-place, and shows its varied attractions to great advantage. The sketch was taken from a point near the "Dumplings," the picturesque mass of rock which looms up in the foreground, crowned by the ruins of an old Martello tower. Just beyond is seen Fort Adams, with its extended lines of earthworks. To the left is Torpedo Island, formerly Goat Island, where experiments with submarine torpedoes are carried on under the supervision of United States naval officers. Still further to the left is the well-known Long Wharf, or steamboat landing. The entrance to the harbor is shown on the right of the picture, and extending beyond it are seen the picturesque indentations of the seaward shores. The town proper lies in the middle distance, and just beyond it rise the cliffs, with their long lines of elegant cottages facing the sea. Still beyond these stretch the two beaches which form the bathing-grounds, and which open directly upon the sea. The high tower nearly in the centre of the picture is that of the Ocean House, from the top of which may be obtained a magnificent panoramic view of the town and its picturesque surroundings. It is hardly possible to imagine a more beautiful or more attractive view.

No visitor should leave Newport without seeing the celebrated old Stone Tower, about which antiquarians have raised such a dust of controversy. Unfortunately it is too small an object to appear distinctly in our picture, but its locality is marked. It stands in Touro Square, just to the left of the Atlantic Hotel. The structure consists of a circular wall of great strength, built upon arches which spring from eight round and massive pillars. These bear evidence of having once been covered with a thick coating of cement, portions of which still remain. These pillars are composed of flat, irregularly shaped stones, laid in cement as hard as the stones themselves. No capitals crown the pillars, and they are referable to no order of architecture, yet considerable skill was shown in their structure. Above them the arches are well turned. Not a stone appears to have crumbled or decayed, and the enormous weight resting on them has never forced them a hair's-breadth from their original position. The top of each of the eight pillars projects considerably beyond the lower edge of the wall of the tower which they support, and their bases rest on larger stones. The tower is open on all sides between the pillars, and is roofless. Three openings, which may have been windows, are seen on the north, west, and south portions of the tower wall. In the eastern part, just above the arches, is a recess which may have been used as a fire-place, as a chimney ascends in the interior of the wall. There are also cavities in which rafters probably rested in by-gone ages. One blackened beam still stretches from wall to wall; with this exception, the interior of the structure is entirely bare. The circumference of this remarkable ruin is exactly eighty-one feet; the pillars are three feet in circumference and about ten feet high. The tower itself rises twenty feet above the pillars, making the entire elevation about thirty feet.

By the inhabitants of Newport this singular structure is known as "The Old Stone Mill." For years antiquarians and historians have disputed as to its probable origin, and the question still remains undecided. A citizen of Newport, who died some years ago at the reputed age of one hundred and six years, declared that in his boyhood the mystery was as great as it is at present. Mr. GEORGE C. MASON, in his sketches of *Newport and its Environs*, says of it:

"It has been conjectured by many that this building must have been the work of the Northmen when settled in America, and taken by some to be proof irrefragable that here is to be sought the famous Vineland discovered by BIORN and his companions, and visited afterward by adventurers from Iceland many centuries before the voyage of VERROZANO and the discoveries by the CABOTS. More recent and authentic inquiries, and particularly the recovery of the will of Governor BENEDICT ARNOLD, executed in 1677, have determined the character of the structure, which was no doubt erected as a mill for grinding Indian corn and other grain soon after the settlement of the colony in 1639. This mill, built in the style then common in England, was placed upon land either originally allotted to, or which soon came into possession of, the family of ARNOLD, and is formed of the same material which is used in the stone walls which now inclose and divide Rhode Island proper, and that, at its discovery and settlement, was loosely strewn over a greater part of its surface."

Professor RAFN, on the contrary, in the *Mémoires de la Société Royale des Antiquaires du Nord* for 1838–39, declares for its great antiquity, and expresses his belief that it was erected at a period not later than the twelfth century. For our part, notwithstanding the sarcastic remarks of COOPER, who believed it to be undeniably a mill, we are inclined to side with Professor RAFN. LONGFELLOW was content with this authority, and one of his most beautiful poems, *The Skeleton in Armor*, connects the tower with a romantic Scandinavian legend. The Viking hero's reply to the poet's apostrophe gives what all imaginative people should be willing to accept as the true theory of the origin of the tower. The Viking, our readers will remember, had run away with a king's daughter, and boldly set sail toward the west:

"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to leeward;
There, for my lady's bower,
Built I this lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward!

"There lived we many years:
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears;
She was a mother!
Death closed her mild blue eyes;
Under that tower she lies!
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!"

The vicinity of Newport abounds in picturesque and romantic scenery, and is the favorite resort of many of our most eminent artists. The genial KENSETT found there the inspiration for many of his most beautiful pictures. One of the most celebrated spots is one which bears the unromantic name of "Purgatory," a wild narrow chasm or cleft in the solid wall of a seaward cliff. Standing on the edge of this chasm, the spectator gazes down to a strip of dark water forty feet below. The sides are dark, smooth, and nearly perpendicular, the chasm, about twelve feet wide at the top, gradually narrowing toward the base. A stone thrown into the rift rebounds from side to side with a hollow sound, and then sullenly plunges into the dark and fathomless waters beneath. Just outside the chasm the blue waves are ever dashing and tossing; within, the waters subside into a smoothness and silence which excite a strange sense of awe and mystery. Viewed from the sea, much of the romance of the place is lost. Many legends are connected with the chasm, and in one of them, appropriately enough, considering the name, his Satanic Majesty plays a prominent part.

Of the other localities about Newport—of its beautiful drives, shady groves, and attractive beaches—we have not space to speak in detail, nor can we describe many interesting features of the town itself, with its narrow winding streets, hardly wider than lanes, its churches, public buildings, and Revolutionary relics. We must content ourselves with only a passing reference to "Paradise," a long and beautiful grove of sycamore-trees skirting the foot of a rocky hill, and to "Hanging Rock," one of the great features of Sachuest Bay, which BERKELEY made his out-door sanctum, and where he is supposed to have written the greater part of his *Minute Philosopher*. His house is still standing near the beach at this place, about three miles from the State-House in Newport, a little to the northward of what is called the Green End Road. For a full account of these and other interesting localities and objects in and around Newport our readers are referred to the *Hand-Book of Newport and Rhode Island*, published by Mr. C. E. HAMMETT, of Newport, to which we are indebted for some of the material for this account of one of the most attractive watering-places in America.

(Continued from No. 868, page 731.)

THE PARISIANS.

By EDWARD BULWER (LORD LYTTON).

AUTHOR OF "PELHAM," "THE CAXTONS," "THE LAST OF THE BARONS," "MY NOVEL," "THE COMING RACE," ETC., ETC.

BOOK NINTH.

CHAPTER I.

ON waking some morning, have you ever felt, reader, as if a change for the brighter in the world, without and within you, had suddenly come to pass—some new glory has been given to the sunshine, some fresh balm to the air—you feel younger and happier and lighter in the very beat of your heart—you almost fancy you hear the chime of some spiritual music far off, as if in the deeps of heaven? You are not at first conscious how, or wherefore, this change has been brought about. Is it the effect of a dream in the gone sleep that has made this morning so different from mornings that have dawned before? And while vaguely asking yourself that question you become aware that the cause is no mere illusion, that it has its substance in words spoken by living lips, in things that belong to the work-day world.

It was thus that Isaura woke the morning after the conversation with Alain de Rochebriant, and as certain words, then spoken, echoed back on her ear, she knew why she was so happy, why the world was so changed.

In those words she heard the voice of Graham Vane—no, she had not deceived herself—she was loved! she was loved! What mattered that long cold interval of absence? She had not forgotten—she could not believe that absence had brought forgetfulness. There are moments when we insist on judging another's heart by our own. All would be explained some day—all would come right.

How lovely was the face that reflected itself in the glass as she stood before it smoothing back her long hair, murmuring sweet snatches of Italian love-song, and blushing with sweeter love-thoughts as she sang! All that had passed in that year so critical to her outer life—the authorship, the fame, the public career, the popular praise—vanished from her mind as a vapor that rolls from the face of a lake to which the sunlight restores the smile of a brightened heaven.

She was more the girl now than she had ever been since the day on which she sat reading Tasso on the craggy shore of Sorrento.

Singing still as she passed from her chamber, and entering the sitting-room, which fronted the east, and seemed bathed in the sunbeams of deepening May, she took her bird from its cage, and stopped her song to cover it with kisses, which perhaps yearned for vent somewhere.

Later in the day she went out to visit Valérie. Recalling the altered manner of her young friend, her sweet nature became troubled. She divined that Valérie had conceived some jealous pain, which she longed to heal; she could not bear the thought of leaving any one that day unhappy. Ignorant before of the girl's feelings toward Alain, she now partly guessed them—one woman who loves in secret is clairvoyante as to such secrets in another.

Valérie received her visitor with a coldness she did not attempt to disguise. Not seeming to notice this, Isaura commenced the conversation with frank mention of Rochebriant. "I have to thank you so much, dear Valérie, for a pleasure you could not anticipate—that of talking about an absent friend, and hearing the praise he deserved from one so capable of appreciating excellence as M. de Rochebriant appears to be."

"You were talking to M. de Rochebriant of an absent friend—ah! you seemed indeed very much interested in the conversation—"

"Do not wonder at that, Valérie; and do not grudge me the happiest moments I have known for months."

"In talking with M. de Rochebriant! No doubt, Mademoiselle Cicogna, you found him very charming."

To her surprise and indignation, Valérie here felt the arm of Isaura tenderly entwining her waist, and her face drawn toward Isaura's sisterly kiss.

"Listen to me, naughty child—listen and believe. M. de Rochebriant can never be charming to me—never touch a chord in my heart or my fancy, except as friend to another, or—kiss me in your turn, Valérie—as suitor to yourself."

Valérie here drew back her pretty child-like head, gazed keenly a moment into Isaura's eyes, felt convinced by the limpid candor of their unmistakable honesty, and flinging herself on her friend's bosom, kissed her passionately, and burst into tears.

The complete reconciliation between the two girls was thus peacefully effected; and then Isaura had to listen, at no small length, to the confidences poured into her ears by Valérie, who was fortunately too engrossed by her own hopes and doubts to exact confidences in return. Valérie's was one of those impulsive, eager natures that long for a confidante. Not so Isaura's. Only when Valérie had unburdened her heart, and been soothed and caressed into happy trust in the future, did she recall Isaura's explanatory words, and said, archly, "And your absent friend? Tell me about him. Is he as handsome as Alain?"

"Nay," said Isaura, rising to take up the mantle and hat she had laid aside on entering, "they say that the color of a flower is in our vision, not in the leaves." Then, with a grave melancholy in the look she fixed upon Valérie, she added: "Rather than distrust of me should occasion you pain, I have pained myself in making clear to you the reason why I felt interest in M. de Rochebriant's conversation. In turn, I ask of you a favor—do not on this point question me farther. There are some things in our past which influence the present, but to which we dare not assign a future—on which we can not talk to another. What soothsayer can tell us if the dream of a yesterday will be renewed on the night of a morrow? All is said—we trust one another, dearest."

CHAPTER II.

THAT evening the Morleys looked in at Isaura's on their way to a crowded assembly at the house of one of those rich Americans who were then outvying the English residents at Paris in the good graces of Parisian society. I think the Americans get on better with the French than the English do—I mean the higher class of Americans. They spend more money; their men speak French better; the women are better dressed, and, as a general rule, have read more largely, and converse more frankly.

Mrs. Morley's affection for Isaura had increased during the last few months. As so notable an advocate of the ascendency of her sex, she felt a sort of grateful pride in the accomplishments and growing renown of so youthful a member of the oppressed sisterhood. But, apart from that sentiment, she had conceived a tender mother-like interest for the girl who stood in the world so utterly devoid of family ties, so destitute of that household guardianship and protection which, with all her assertion of the strength and dignity of woman, and all her opinions as to woman's right of absolute emancipation from the conventions fabricated by the selfishness of man, Mrs. Morley was too sensible not to value for the individual, though she deemed it not needed for the mass. Her great desire was that Isaura should marry well, and soon. American women usually marry so young that it seemed to Mrs. Morley an anomaly in social life that one so gifted in mind and person as Isaura should already have passed the age in which the belles

of the great Republic a…
consecrated as mothers…
We have seen tha…
selected … our …
Graham Vane as a s…
friend. She had di…
—she ha… more than…
Isaura. She was …
exceedingly chafed at…
disregard to his happi…
She had counted, all …
turn … Paris; and …
som… misunderstandi…
quarrel, was the caus…
an… a cause that, if…
moved. A good opp…
self—Colonel Morley …
next day. He had bu…
detain him at least a w…
ham; and as she con…
shrewdest and wisest …
mean of the male sex—…
being able to turn Grah…
side out, and ascertain…
and intentions. If the…
ed, were found of base…
Morley would be fre…
aside, and coin for th…
market some nobler ef…

"My dear child," …
voice, nestling herself …
Colonel, duly instructe…
"have you heard any …
friend Mr. Vane?"

You can guess with…
Morley put that que…
keen eyes on Isaura w…
the heightened color, …
girl thus abruptly appe…
"I was right—she lov…
"I heard of Mr. V…
ally."

"Is he coming to P…
"Not that I know o…
wreath becomes you! …
well too."

"Frank chose it; he…
I trust him with my c…
Roskell's, but I limit h…
travagant—men a…, w…
They seem to thin… w…
to their cost. They w…
and let us starve for w…
Frank is so bad as the …
pos of Mr. Vane—Fra…
and scold him well for …
not be surprised if he …
with him, for I send a…
viting him to pay us …
rooms in our apartment…

Isaura's heart heave…
she replied in a tone of…
"I believe this is the …
son, and Mr. Vane w…
gaged to profit even b…
ing."

"*Nous verrons.* H…
hear of your triumph…
much before you were…
admiration now! Me…
for us so much more w…
till we have put the…
place, we must take …

Here the Venosta…
onel had exhausted …
for chaining her at…
withheld from appro…
venting her admiratio…
ear-rings, robes, flounc…
rition had on her the …
on a moth—she flutter…
absorb herself in its bl…
pecially fascinated her…
dent lady with colorin…
less exquisitely delicat…
on of the rights of wo…
on her own brows with…